

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1863.

EXALTED PIETY AND NOBLE RANK—  
LADY HUNTINGDON.

BY REV. JOHN F. MARLAY.

IN the remarkable religious awakening of the eighteenth century, in which the Wesleys were the prominent and honored instruments of God, the *poor* were the first to rejoice. It was well. These had long been by priest and Levite alike passed by. A ready access was gained to the benighted colliers of Kingswood, the idle throngs of Kensington Common, and the neglected inmates of jails and alms-houses. Thousands of these received the Word with joy and became new creatures in Christ Jesus. But it would be a great error to suppose that the leaders of this movement were not qualified to instruct and reform the colder but equally-religious circles of the aristocracy. Such men as Whitefield and the Wesleys were fitted by talents and learning to gain trophies to the Redeemer from the most refined and cultivated class of society. How the grace of God transformed the character and elevated the life of the humble poor in that day we may learn from the biographies of John Nelson, Samuel Hick, and many others. But the fact that with God the conversion of the rich and noble in birth is possible needed then some striking illustration.

That illustration was furnished by one of the noblest families of England—the family of Lady SELINA SHIRLEY. The father of this “elect lady” was Washington Shirley, titled Earl of Ferrers. She was the second of three daughters, and was born at Chartley, August 24, 1707. Of her early life little is known except the incident to which she always referred as the occasion of her first religious awakening. Walking out one day she met the funeral procession of a child about her own age, and from curiosity followed it to

the grave. Although but nine years of age, the sight of the little lifeless body deeply affected her, and awakened such thoughts of eternity that, standing on the brink of the open grave, she prayed that God would fit her for heaven. For many years she often returned to this grave to renew the serious impressions that had been made upon her mind.

Lady Selina mingled, of course, in fashionable society. She was born into the world the companion of those who plunged recklessly into amusements and gayety; but although in this life, she was not of it. Possessed naturally of a strong mind and an ardent love of knowledge, she improved the means afforded by the times in which she lived for self-improvement. It suited her taste to attract attention and win esteem, not by gaudy decorations, but by stores of knowledge and refined cultivation. She could not claim, indeed, the attractions of great personal beauty, but such was the dignity and easy grace with which nature had favored her, that her personal presence commanded respect even in early womanhood. Without seeking it certainly, and probably without knowing it, she became the center of influence in the circle in which she moved.

Her hand was sought and obtained in marriage by Lord Huntingdon, of a family equally noble with her own. The connection seemed every way suitable, and proved a most happy one. Lord Huntingdon's life was so free from the vices of his position and the times that, to those about him, who knew little or nothing of true religion, he seemed a pious man. But there is no evidence that he ever became the subject of renewing grace. In a conversation with Wesley he made the remark on one occasion, “The morality of the Bible I admire, but the doctrine of the atonement I can not comprehend.” Although it would seem impossible that he could ever fully sympathize with the

purity of heart which became the constant aim and ultimate experience of his wife, yet, in the true spirit of a gentleman, he never interfered with her religious convictions or plans of duty. At one time, when requested by high authority to lay restraint upon what was termed his wife's fanaticism, he repelled the suggestion indignantly.

The family name of Lord Huntingdon was Hastings. His ancestral seat, Donnington Park, was in Leicestershire. Donnington Park is celebrated for its fine old majestic oaks and other forest trees. The grounds are of great picturesque beauty, combining bold swells and sweeping valleys. Near their northern extremity is a precipice called Donnington Cliff, much admired for its wild, romantic scenery, its bold, projecting crags, hanging woods, and the clear, quiet waters of the River Trent at its base. The old family mansion has long since been pulled down, but the present princely residence in Donnington Park is regarded as one of the most architecturally-beautiful and well-arranged mansions in England.

A circumstance which occurred not long before the conversion of Lady Huntingdon will show that if bloomed lecturers and woman's rights conventions were unknown at that period, the fair dames of court circles were, nevertheless, not disposed to submit quietly to what they considered an encroachment on their inalienable rights. On one occasion very spirited debates were going on in the House of Peers. It was a time of great political excitement, and the females of the nobility, as they still do in this country, participated in it. In this state of things the peers closed the doors against all but members of Parliament. This high-handed measure the lady politicians resented. Ten of them, including Lady Huntingdon, bearing the highest titles of the female nobility, appeared at the door of the House at the early hour of nine o'clock in the morning, demanding admittance. They were politely informed that the Chancellor had forbidden it. They sneered at the "ill-breeding of a mere lawyer," and renewed their demand to be permitted to go up stairs privately. The officer then peremptorily refused, whereupon the leader answered that they would enter in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. And so, we are told, they remained at the door without sustenance till five o'clock in the afternoon, reporting at short intervals their presence to those within by noisy kicks (!) and raps upon the door. The Peers, having been early apprised of the character of the movement, gave orders that the doors should not be opened till the siege was raised.

As the day drew near to a close the noise outside was shrewdly suppressed. The lords, supposing the foe had retired, opened the doors, when in rushed the invaders, and took a favorable position for seeing and hearing the debates; and there they remained till the House adjourned, about eleven o'clock at night, applauding or showing their disapprobation as suited their humor.

To all the outward observances of religion Lady Huntingdon gave scrupulous attention. She visited the poor in her neighborhood, and contributed generously to their physical comfort. She was particularly attentive to the sick, looking after the spiritual as well as the temporal wants of all her dependents. It was her habit to fast regularly, and to the duty of private devotion she was always faithful. In all this, however, she had no idea of the faith which brings salvation. She was, as were the Wesleys for many years, seeking to be saved by *works and faith*. About this time the Wesleys, Whitefield, and a few co-laborers, were beginning to excite attention. Their preaching was with power, and great multitudes were converted. Mr. Ingham, one of the Oxford Methodists, and afterward the friend and companion of Wesley in his mission to Georgia, preached with great success in Yorkshire county, and visited the neighborhood of the residence of the sisters of Lord Huntingdon, the Ladies Hastings. They went, out of mere curiosity, to hear his preaching, and were awakened. Lady Margaret Hastings was the first who received converting grace. In a conversation soon after with Lady Huntingdon she remarked, with a glow of holy joy, "Since I have known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation I have been as happy as an angel."

Her sister felt that her own heart was a stranger to such feelings. Convicted now for sin, she turned for help only to greater austerities of life. At this critical point she was taken sick; death approached, and she was alarmed. And now, in pain and weakness, she began to cry to Jesus to save her, and to save her now. In a moment the cloud parted, and Jesus appeared with joy and peace. While she was wondering at the mighty change her disease disappeared, so that almost at the same moment she was made whole both in body and soul. The change in Lady Huntingdon's character was immediately apparent to all. She did not relax, but rather increased her labors of love. They were now performed as privileges, and not, as heretofore, as duties sternly imposed. Of her abundant means she gave more liberally than ever to the needy, and in public and

private worship she engaged with a joy never before experienced.

That such a change in the life of so noted a personage would be a matter of annoyance, as well as surprise, in the court circles in which she moved we can readily imagine. Her opposers, not being able to induce her husband to exercise his personal authority to restrain what they considered extravagant enthusiasm, secured the special services of Bishop Benson to convince her that she had become pious overmuch. But the Bishop found the zealous young convert ready to support her views and defend her experience from the authority of the Church of England and the higher authority of God's Word. The learned prelate was utterly foiled. Rising to depart, he remarked with some irritation of manner, that George Whitefield was the author of her ladyship's errors, and he regretted that he had ordained him. "My lord," replied the Countess, "mark my words: when you are on your dying bed that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacency." This prediction was literally verified. When the Bishop was on his dying bed he sent Whitefield a present of ten guineas as a token of respect, and requested an interest in his prayers. He had then himself learned the way of salvation by faith.

The efforts put forth by Lady Huntingdon for the salvation of souls were by no means confined to the poor. She invited her fashionable acquaintance to hear the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield. Among the Countess's personal friends were the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the great Duke of that name, so renowned in English history, the Duchess of Buckingham, and many more of equally high position. Her labors were not entirely fruitless among this class of persons. A few of the nobility, by her instrumentality, became the friends of Jesus and her efficient co-laborers.

Lady Huntingdon's personal acquaintance with John and Charles Wesley commenced soon after her recovery from the sickness during which God spoke peace to her soul. Hearing that they were in the neighborhood, she sent for them, and declared what great things God had done for her. John Wesley now became a frequent visitor at Donnington Park, where he often preached. The Countess adopted heartily his doctrine of Christian perfection. "The doctrine," she wrote to him, "I hope to live and die by; it is the most complete thing I know." She encouraged Mr. Wesley in the promotion of a lay ministry as the great need of the times. Her Calvinistic opinions led her to patronize Whitefield when he separated from Wesley, and

her talents, wealth, and influence placed her at once at the head of Calvinistic Methodism. She appointed Whitefield one of her chaplains, and he very often preached in her mansion, where notable men and women heard the truth from his eloquent lips. Chesterfield listened to him with delight, and gave him one of his courtly compliments. "Sir, I will not tell you what I shall tell others, how I approve you." Hume listened with wonder, and said he would go twenty miles to hear him. Horace Walpole, Bolingbroke, and others of equal celebrity were among his occasional auditors. To some of these the Word was a savor of life and to others of death.

In the year 1743 the family of Lady Huntingdon was visited by that terrible disease, the small-pox. First two interesting sons were laid low, rendering desolate the splendid saloons of Donnington Park. In less than two years after Lord Huntingdon himself, in the full vigor of manhood, was stricken down by apoplexy. From the shock of these great bereavements the Countess did not recover her former elasticity of spirits. She did not, however, sit down to pine in unavailing grief, but having now the sole management of the family estates, she at once began to cast about for new modes of usefulness. When called to resign to her eldest son the management of the estate she removed with her family to London.

About this time she was seized with a violent sickness, and her friends became alarmed for her. Although reluctant to employ medical aid, she at last yielded to the solicitations of friends and sent for a family acquaintance, Dr. Stonehouse. This eminent man was an infidel in his principles, but such was the influence exerted over him by the Countess during his visits that he finally gave up his skepticism, and afterward became an eminent preacher of the Gospel. These personal afflictions were greatly beneficial to Lady Huntingdon herself. She was enabled in the midst of her sufferings to write: "I feel perfectly resigned to suffer all my God shall think fit to lay upon me. Never did I feel so much reconciled to the Cross. When it ceases to be necessary I shall suffer no more. O, what cause have I to trust in Him for all things when he has so clearly revealed his dear Son in me!"

After her recovery from this sickness the Countess entered upon her labor of love with increased zeal. She traveled extensively with those who occupied the sacred desk, and organized an itinerancy which imparted system and efficiency to their labors. As early as 1755 she invited those of the clergy who had caught

the spirit of the reformation to meet at her house. A few attended. The next year she called another meeting, which was more largely attended, and partook much of the spirit of Wesley's *Conferences*. In the year 1762 her *nineteenth Conference* met at Leeds, from which it appears they were not annual, but frequent, as occasion required.

Though her people were less efficiently organized, she held to them much the same relation that Wesley did to his. Her authority was decisive. The preachers went at her bidding, believing that the Great Head of the Church guided them through her. Those who ministered under her direction were called "Lady Huntingdon's preachers," and the connection thus formed was denominated "Lady Huntingdon's Connection." Till the year 1770 she had confined her efforts to supply the needy in London with places of worship to the opening of her own residences, and inducing other noble women to do likewise. She began now, however, to secure chapels almost entirely at her own expense, and which came, of course, under her own control. First in Ewin-street and then at Wapping—in London—chapels were erected, in which she had the happiness to see the work of God greatly prosper. From the metropolis she turned her attention to Brighton, a fashionable watering-place. Here she met with great success. Her chapel was soon enlarged and subsequently rebuilt. It yet stands, a monument of her successful labors.

Bath, on the banks of the Avon, a place of resort during the Summer months for the rich and gay of London, next claimed the attention of the indefatigable Countess. In 1765 she erected a moderate-sized chapel, but beautiful in architecture and furnishing. Some of its internal arrangements show how strangely different the people were then from what they now are. Seats were elevated apart from the rest of the congregation for the ladies of nobility. Behind a curtain, and concealed from view, were other seats. These were occupied by the great, whose curiosity led them to the chapel, but who did not wish to be seen there. Behind this curtain, it is said, some of the bishops occasionally sat. A witty lady of the nobility, who was active in introducing their lordships to the chapel in this sly manner, called it the "Nicodemus Corner."

At Bristol the Countess leased a building that had been used as a theater, fitted it up at a cost of four thousand dollars, and soon a large congregation was gathered. She also purchased a theater in the great city of Birmingham, where, under the powerful and pungent

preaching of Rev. Mr. Bradford, a great work of grace commenced. These were some of the leading appointments and chapels of Lady Huntingdon. Many others, where great good was done, were scattered over England. At the same time she sustained preaching in very many destitute places not furnished with permanent houses of worship.

In the year 1767 the Countess resolved on a plan for a college in which to train young men for the work of the ministry. She consulted Wesley, Fletcher, Romaine, and others, who encouraged the enterprise. According to her plan no student was to be admitted who did not give good evidence of conversion and a call by the Holy Ghost to the ministry. They were to remain three years to complete the course, unless their convictions of duty called them away sooner. On leaving the institution students were to have full liberty to join any evangelical Protestant ministry which they might choose. It was determined, after much consultation, to locate this school of the prophets at Trevecca, in the parish of Talgarth, Brecknockshire, South Wales. A venerable old castle was purchased by the Countess, who literally exhausted her pecuniary resources in fitting up and supporting this theological seminary. Generous friends, however, came to her relief with large contributions, and she had the pleasure of seeing the institution open unembarrassed with debt. Rev. John Fletcher was appointed the first president, or head master. Students flocked to the school, and the spirit of holiness pervaded the institution. There seems to have been preaching almost daily, and many who heard the Word were converted.

On the 24th of August, 1769, the first anniversary was held. It was a time of extraordinary interest. A vast concourse of people attended, and multitudes were awakened and converted under the sermons, exhortations, and prayers. Mr. Wesley, Mr. Shirley, and Mr. Fletcher were the principal speakers. The Lord's Supper was administered, and a love-feast was held. Howell Harris and many of his Welsh converts were present. The rich and the poor met together, and were baptized into one spirit. The great theme of all was, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ which bringeth salvation."

In the Spring of 1770 Joseph Benson, subsequently the distinguished commentator, was appointed head master of the Trevecca College, on a salary equal to about one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year with board and washing. From the time of the founding of this school Lady Huntingdon had her principal

residence at Trevecca. It continued during her life to flourish under her wise supervision and open-handed munificence. After her death it was removed to Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, England. It was a new location, but the same institution in design and spirit. It remains to the present day "a school of the prophets."

During the Winter of 1771 the Archbishop of Canterbury gave a series of balls and fashionable parties at his palace. The extravagance of expense, and the mirthful indulgences of the guests on these occasions were a sad reproach to religion. The Countess Huntingdon obtained a private interview with the Archbishop and his wife, and courteously but firmly remonstrated with them concerning these improprieties. His grace became violently angry, and his wife ridiculed the Countess in all fashionable circles, while the parties went on as before. She then sought a private interview with the King. She was received cordially both by His Majesty and the Queen. When she had laid her complaint before him the King replied, "Madam, the feelings you have discovered, and the conduct you have manifested on this occasion, are highly creditable to you. The Archbishop's behavior has been slightly hinted to me already; but now that I have a certainty as to his proceedings, and most ungenerous conduct toward your ladyship, after your trouble in remonstrating with him, I shall interpose my authority and see what that will do toward reforming such indecent practices."

Having thus briefly recounted the principal labors of this noble woman, we come to contemplate her at the close of life. For some years before her death her thoughts were naturally turned to some plan by which the work of God committed to her hands might be perpetuated. She employed an "Acting Association" at London to draw up a plan of government for her Connection after her decease. Their labors met her full and cordial approval, but the plan encountered opposition from her bosom friends. To the last her judgment clung to it as the best provision for her people. But not being able to leave a denominational organization, she left the chapels, which she still held as private property, "with all her houses and furniture therein, with the residue of her estates and effects," to four trustees. The whole amount of her contributions to the cause of religion exceeded five hundred thousand dollars.

A short time before her death, when a blood-vessel broke, which was the commencement of her last illness, she said to Lady Anne Erskine, on being asked how she did, "I am well, well forever; I see wherever I turn my eyes, whether

I live or die, nothing but victory." Toward the close of the bleeding she repeated with all the energy her weakness would allow, "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh. O, Lady Anne, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh! The thought fills my heart with joy unspeakable!" On another occasion she said, "I am encircled in the arms of love and mercy. I long to be at home—O, I long to be at home!" A little before she died she said repeatedly, "I shall go to my Father to-night. Can he forget to be gracious? Is there any end to his loving kindness?" With her expiring breath she whispered, "My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father."

In the village of Ashby, in the Huntingdon domain, is a church in which the Hastings family had worshiped for generations. It is an ancient, handsome stone edifice, consisting of a nave and two aisles, separated by four lofty arches springing from the fluted pillars. On each side is a large chapel projecting considerably wider than the church; the one on the north is converted into a vestry-room, the south side is the burial-place of the Hastings family. Here, under a mural monument, lies Lord Huntingdon, and beside him his eminent Countess. Her inscription informs the visitor that she died June 17, 1791.

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#### THERE THE LIGHT OF GOD IS BEAMING.

BY MRS. JULIA E. AKERS.

O, MY heart is sad and weary—  
Weary of the strife,  
Weary of the toil and sorrow,  
Weary of the coming morrow;  
Filled with bodings dark and dreary,  
Bitter, bitter life;  
O, my heart is sad and weary,  
Weary of the strife.

Weary heart, be still thy weeping,  
Bitter tears, be dry;  
Hope's bright star shall set—no, never,  
Till the cords of life shall sever;  
When this form in dust is sleeping,  
Then sweet hope may die;  
There in heaven there's no more weeping—  
Bitter tears, be dry.

There the light of God is beaming  
O'er the golden way,  
There no sorrow, care, or sighing,  
There no sickness, pain, or dying,  
There no bitter tears are streaming,  
There no drear decay;  
There the light of God is beaming  
All along the way.

## DR. GREGORY'S PATIENT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

[CONCLUDED.]

DR. GREGORY made his first professional visit the following morning at his latest patient's. He found that the fever had gained rapidly through the night. The glaring eyes, the fiery cheeks, the pulse which shot wildly along the wrist, all bore witness that nature and disease were gathering their forces for a desperate struggle, and that the victory would be hardly won by either side.

It was too late to arrest the fever now. It must go on, and the powers of that young life were all that could meet or baffle it.

The mother looked worn with her night's anxiety and watching. The sister's sweet face was paler than yesterday, as she hung over the bedside of the sick boy.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Weybrook, "he has n't known me once through all the night, though he's babbled constantly of old times and people, and I've tried in vain to make him understand. It would be such a comfort if he would only recognize Ellen or myself once more. Poor little Harry!"

"My dear madam, that is quite impossible while the fever rages as at present. The most that can be done now is to keep your son quiet and cool; the rest God and his own young life must do."

He saw how they hung on his words—the old lady and the young—and the heart of Dr. Gregory almost misgave him, for he began to have doubts as to the result.

Ellen Weybrook followed the physician to the door that morning. The sad quiet of her face was broken with fear and dread, as she said, in a low, breathless way, "If Harry should die it would break my mother's heart, and I should be left wholly alone. Doctor, tell me the whole truth."

He looked at her. There was power in that young, fair face. She would hear his words. "Miss Weybrook," he said, "if I tell you the whole truth, it will be that the chances seem about equal."

He saw her shiver, though the amber sunshine flowed over her like a flood of sacrificial wine, and she looked to him almost like some pale, beautiful victim ready for the sacrifice.

The heart of Dr. Gregory yearned over the girl. He took the small hand in his. "If it were in my power how gladly I would save you this, but God only can do it."

She smiled up now a very faint smile, that

came and faded like a suggestion of sunlight through pale clouds, and the Doctor went to his chaise.

The Summer days, hot and dry, parching the earth, mellowing the fruits in the orchard, and ripening the berries in the fields, and the fierce fever still beat in fiery flame with every pulse of Harry Weybrook.

The Doctor was unceasing in his visits—in his care of his patient. He was at great liberty now, because Mrs. Dunlap had joined a party of fashionable friends at the Springs.

No allusion was ever made, on either side, to his class-mate; yet the ladies divined, from something in the Doctor's manner, that he knew all there was to be told, and his delicate kindness was only enhanced in value from this knowledge.

The widowed mother, the deserted sister, in their sorrow and loneliness, touched deeply the heart of George Gregory, and he longed to offer them some better service than it was in his power to do.

One day the wind changed, the clouds ran up suddenly their gray columns in the east and rose over all the sky, and the cool, swift rain plashed on the faded grass, and drenched the fields, and trod with its pelting feet on the warm buds.

In an hour the great temple builded by the clouds, without sound of hammer, was broken into fragments. Joyously through it smiled once more the blue sky, and Dr. Gregory started once more for his patient's. Each day he almost dreaded, as he passed over the threshold, to find that there the shadow of death had fallen.

To-day Miss Weybrook met him at the door with some new brightness in her face, and her words came in a tremulous whisper—"He fell asleep just as the shower came on."

The Doctor followed her softly into the sick-room. With his head crushed among the white pillows the boy lay sleeping softly. That awful heat had faded out of his face, and it looked white as the faces which are never to glow again with the bloom of returning health. But the faint perspiration on the forehead, the soft, regular breathing were signs which the practiced eyes of Dr. Gregory read well.

"Mrs. Weybrook," he said, "your boy will recover."

"And you have saved him!" cried the happy mother betwixt her grateful tears.

"Under God," said solemnly the voice of Dr. Gregory.

A month and a half had passed. It was August now, and that sweet time when the day and the night meet each other in fond embrace. Harry Weybrook was slowly but surely conva-

lescing, and the Doctor's chaise once more rolled up to the front door with the boy, for the physician took his patient out to ride with him frequently now, and always brought him back with a new light in his eyes, and a new glow in his pale cheeks.

"You won't need my help much longer, Harry, if you get on at this rate," laughed the Doctor, as he assisted the youth to alight.

"No; I shall soon be independent, Doctor," and the young speaker actually sprang forward a step or two, and then reeled forward.

"Take care, take care, you're too ambitious," said Dr. Gregory, as he grasped his patient's arm and led him up the straight path which lay between the dark grass on either side like a brown thread; but just as the two reached the front door it opened suddenly, and farmer Mason, the owner of the house in which Mrs. Weybrook resided, came out suddenly—a coarse, burly, not ill-natured man, but of that stolid type which must always render it most painful for delicate, refined women, broken down in fortunes, to encounter in any business relations.

Yet at the man's heart there was warmth, perhaps tenderness there; but you had to find these through a stolid intellect and a coarse-grained nature, which had no conception of, and, therefore, no sympathy with a delicate, shrinking, sensitive character.

The farmer nodded to the physician in a way which plainly indicated that he thought time and effort would be simply wasted in any great expenditures of either on the courtesies of life.

Ellen Weybrook stood in the door, and the farmer turned back to her, saying in much the same tone in which he called to his oxen, "I guess, on the whole, you may tell Mrs. Weybrook she may stay in the old place till October. My hired man won't be ready to come in afore that time, and as I reckon from appearances the old lady'll find it pretty tough to pay for a place when she gets it, and pretty hard work to find one any how in this region, I sha' n't be hard on her for the pay."

Dr. Gregory was not usually a fiery-tempered man, but as the tall, heavy figure of the farmer strode away, there flashed over the young physician a strong impulse to deal him a blow that would lay him in the grass. Ellen Weybrook stood in the front door, her face so crimsoned for pain and mortification that the Doctor's heart ached for her.

Perhaps it did not indicate the highest moral courage to feel so keenly the farmer's rough speech, in which, after all, was a core of kindness; but the girl had been most tenderly and delicately reared; she was young; she had never

been brought in contact with coarseness; she did not know what it was to have her poverty thus thrust in her face, and she turned to the Doctor with a feeling almost of degradation, which he keenly understood.

Harry felt the farmer's speech, but more for his sister's sake than his own, and he broke out to hide her confusion and his,

"O, Nellie, you do n't know what a beautiful ride we've had away up to the mountain! How I wish you could have been along! You would have remembered it the rest of your life!"

She had to swallow something very dry and large in her throat, the Doctor saw, before she could trust her answer, which came with a faint effort at a smile:

"You'll make me break the spirit of the tenth commandment if you carry your glowing description much further. Won't you come in, Doctor?"

Some vague desire to render the girl some service, if it were no more than a mere social one, made the Doctor accept the invitation. He found on his entrance that Mrs. Weybrook had tea all prepared, evidently with some expectation that the physician might be prevailed on to join them at that meal.

"It was the first guest they had had under their country roof," said the lady with a smile half pleased, half sorrowful.

It was a pleasant supper, served with its old-fashioned china and damask, which were so forcible a reminder of better days.

The Doctor was glad to see in a little while the pain leave the sweet face of his young hostess, and the old brightness come back to it, as they chatted together.

As he rose from the table a thought struck him, and on the first impulse he put it in words. "I have a patient about three miles from here that I must drop in on before I put up my chaise for the night. The moon is coming over the hill yonder, I see. In its silver-flowing raiment the road will lie like some enchanted country, and the ride will do you good, Miss Weybrook, I pledge my professional word."

She looked a little surprised—a little irresolute, but pleased withal.

"Mother"—

"I think the Doctor is right, Ellen. It will do you good after your long confinement in the house."

And so they went together. A beautiful night it was in the late Summer. The silver tides of moonlight flooded and transfigured every thing.

The road wound through the woods, where the air was anointed with the breath of pine and sweet fern, and then by the high banks of

the river that lay beneath with the stars asleep in its bosom, and then through the green, old country lanes.

They had souls, both this man and woman, that recognized this beauty, that entered into its mysteries of tenderness and glory. Ellen Weybrook forgot her sorrows—forgot her dishonored brother—forgot the great storms which had beaten into the May of her life—forgot the dark clouds which hung threatening along her future; her laugh rang out sometimes sweet and gay almost as a child's, her pale face blossomed into a thousand new meanings; the talk of the two went here and there on a thousand subjects, and at last by the river's bank it fell into silence. Five minutes perhaps it lasted. Ellen broke up at last, her face grown very grave with a little tremulous, half-fearful "Dr. Gregory."

"What is it, Miss Weybrook?" in his kindly, reassuring way.

"I heard the other day that you were on the district school committee. Is it so?"

"It is so," said the Doctor, a little surprised.

Her next words hurried themselves out, at first a little incoherently from her very earnestness and timidity, but they steadied themselves as they went on. "Pardon me—but—perhaps—you may have no other teacher engaged, and if not, will you be good enough to use your influence in my behalf? You see we are poor people now, and for my mother's sake and my brother's I am anxious to do something that will enlarge our means, and this seems the only thing that opens now. I think I might teach the school satisfactorily. At least I would try very hard."

Her breath came and went with the rapid words.

"I have no doubt of your success in the matter were you to attempt it, but the situation is already secured, for Deacon Stowell told me his niece would take the school for the Autumn."

He was touched—pained to see the shadow of disappointment into which the face fell; to mark the tremulous and uncertain look of the sweet mouth.

And the heart of Dr. Gregory longed as it had never longed before to take this girl-woman out from the sorrow and limitation of her life.

He had learned during the daily visits of the last two months to Mrs. Weybrook's what manner of spirit she was of; what a gentle, womanly nature she had—strong, tender, brave, too; intelligent, cultivated, a lady in all the best meanings of that word—a Christian woman, he believed in his soul. And then Dr. Gregory thought that this was the manner of woman his heart had for years been inquiring after but had

never found; and in the moonlight he looked down on Ellen Weybrook with a grave tenderness.

Her face was in its mournful shadow still, but she looked up suddenly and encountered his. She did not understand his, but a blush widened in her cheeks. "How silent and dull I must be," she said apologetically.

"I think it is I who deserve those adjectives," answered the Doctor, and then his horse drew up to the house of his patient.

Half an hour later and the two were on their way home, and the white moonlight about them seemed like a smile from heaven.

After a while the Doctor spoke. "Miss Weybrook, I was not able to serve you in the manner you suggested, but there is another position which, if I did not lack courage, I should certainly this evening and this hour offer you."

He spoke with such solemn emphasis that she looked up in surprise.

"What kind of a position is it?" she asked.

He looked at her, smiled faintly, and was silent.

"Do not fear to tell me," she said softly, with her deep-blue eyes on his face.

"The situation, then, would be that which I could never offer to but one woman—the dearest to me on earth. You understand now?"

The bewildered look—the blushes that the next moment flooded her face as she buried it in her hands answered for her.

"Ellen," said the Doctor, "my speech may seem to you presumptuous—preposterous, but you know what I am—a man who has fewest words where he feels deepest. You know, too, what the great purposes of my heart, the highest aims of my life are, and because I know you to be a woman who can understand and sympathize with these do I ask you now whether you will let me take you into the shelter and tenderness of the heart so wholly open to receive you?"

She looked up now, her face stained with tears, in the moonlight. "There is my brother Robert," she faltered.

"Ellen, you will not so wrong me as to suggest that I could be weak and wicked enough to think of that for a moment—my poor, erring class-mate, Robert Weybrook!"

She laid her soft hand on his arm, and this was for answer, sweet and sufficient to Dr. George Gregory.

"Well, George, I am surprised—amazed," said Mrs. Dunlap to her brother, when, on her return from the Springs, she stopped a few days at Stoneham, and he announced to her the

name of the lady who, before the next November, would be his wife.

Mrs. Dunlap would very gladly have changed the expression of her emotions to disappointed and displeased, but somehow she had not quite the courage to do this.

"There's that brother—how unfortunate," she said.

"But my Ellen has a strong head and arm to shield her from the consequences of his sin."

"It's just like you, George. I might have known you'd have a courtship very unlike any body else in the world," said the lady fastening her brooch, and her face and voice were any thing but congratulatory.

"I have congratulated myself very often that I did n't take your advice about visiting my patient that afternoon. It was the best call I ever made, Laura. I have thanked God for it many times."

The lady did not look as though she should, for this marriage of her brother's into a family with fallen fortunes, and, as she thought, dishonored name, was any thing but agreeable to her pride and prejudices.

Dr. Gregory penetrated perfectly well to all that was in the thoughts of his sister; but he wisely avoided any discussion in the matter. At last Mrs. Dunlap said with the air of one who proposes a painful duty, "I owe some attention to the lady who is to be your wife, George. Will you take me over to her mother's before I return?"

"This afternoon, if you like."

"There's no help for it, and I may as well make up my mind to take it with the best grace that I can," murmured to herself Mrs. Dunlap as she left the room. "But it's any thing but what I expected or desired."

And in the world there are many foolish women who would have thought and said precisely what Mrs. Laura Dunlap did.

#### KNOWING A MAN.

ONE's character being *teres atque rotundus*, is not to be seen all at once. You must know him *all round*—in all moods and all weathers—to know him well; but in the common intercourse of the world men see each other in only one mood—see only their manners in society, and hear nothing that comes from any part lying deeper than the larynx. Many people think they are well acquainted with me who know little more of me than the cut of my jib, and the sound of my voice.

#### THE UNRETURNING BRAVE.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

WHERE the proud Ohio flashes  
Her bright billows tipped with gold;  
Where the wild Niagara dashes  
O'er the rough rocks, gray and old;  
By the Mississippi's rushes,  
By the broad Potomac's flood;  
Where the Sacramento gushes  
From the mountain solitude;  
By each darkly-winding river,  
By each silver-smiling wave,  
Eyes grow dim and pale lips quiver  
For the unreturning brave.

Where New England's lofty mountains  
Lift their faces to the sky;  
Where the southern sunlit fountains  
In their placid beauty lie;  
Where the green leaves dance and shimmer  
In the sunlight's golden sheen;  
Where the bright ears brightly glimmer  
The yellow rustling husks between;  
Where the skies are ever glowing;  
Where the north pine-forests wave,  
Hearts are aching, tears are flowing  
For the unreturning brave.

Where the cottage lamp is gleaming;  
Where the cabin hearth is bright;  
Where the chandelier is streaming  
O'er proud halls its mellow light;  
In the city's stately splendor,  
In the peaceful village home,  
By the hearth-light soft and tender,  
In the hovel's cheerless gloom;  
Where the southern waters glisten;  
Where the northern tempests rave,  
Orphans watch and widows listen  
For the unreturning brave.

Wives and sisters, daughters, mothers,  
Waiting sadly all in vain,  
For fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers,  
Who will ne'er return again!  
Waiting, watching, praying, weeping,  
Longing, hoping, sad, and sore—  
While all the world in dreams is sleeping  
For those who are coming never more;  
For those who sleep unknown and lowly  
In the soldier's nameless grave,  
Watching with a vigil holy  
For the unreturning brave!

Father, we are weak and weary  
With a weight of woe untold!  
All is dark, and sad, and dreary  
In this land so bright of old!  
Let thy hand uphold our banner,  
Bear it onward for the right!  
Be our shield in time of danger,  
Guide us safely through the fight!  
Take our gallant boys and lead them;  
If they fall where banners wave,  
We will give to thee and freedom  
Our unreturning brave.

## SABBATH SCHOOL LITERATURE.

## THE ELEMENTS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

I CAN scarcely conceive of a more delicate or difficult undertaking than the culturing of a child. The conditions of success are so many and complicated, the nature of the youthful spirit so sensitive, and its combinations of powers and affections so diversified that none but a master can hope for success. What a study is the human soul! What a labyrinth of mysterious workings is in the human spirit! What a multitude of energies start into vigorous life in infant nature under the genial power of external influences! Not more wonderful is the germinating of the seed that lies hidden in the bosom of the earth when the vernal goddess breathes upon her Winter-desolated face than the rapid developments which follow the breathings of love or hatred, of wisdom or folly, upon the tender heart of childhood.

We can not overestimate either the delicacy or diversity of the materials which lie stored in the human soul, wanting some forming hand to classify, combine, and culture them into symmetry, and beauty, and strength; and he who would hope for success in any endeavor to influence the youthful mind for good must deeply study and in some good degree master the elements of the human soul.

It is just at this point that we begin to discover the real purposes of Sabbath school instruction—just here, and while carefully studying the elements of the youthful spirit, that we begin to appreciate the necessary characteristics of a literature for childhood such as shall aid in developing into goodness and beauty the infant mind.

*What are the elements of childhood, and what do we wish to effect by Sabbath school literature?* What are the elements needful to make such a literature effective? These are questions which underlie this whole subject, and only as an author has a clear understanding of them will he be likely or, indeed, able so to adapt means to ends as to secure the highest good of the child.

Some one has said, "the child is a miniature man." The aphorism is philosophically true. So likewise is it true that the green blade just peeping above the broken soil is a miniature plant. But where is the resemblance? Not certainly in what is tangible, but rather in that which lies hidden within waiting for the conditions of culture to develop its true character. It requires a sagacious philosopher to trace in

the little infant or the prattling child the mental and moral features of the future hero, and only as he brings to his aid the microscope of polished truth will he be able to turn back the concentric foldings of the tender bud and look in upon the real germ of future character that lies hidden there. The philosophic chemist, who understands the nature of plants and of their appropriate food as well, can point out to the more ignorant agriculturist what fertilizers he must apply to his various crops that the peculiar demands and conditions of healthy growth in each may be fully met. So likewise may he who apprehends the elements of the human soul successfully prescribe for its wants and meet its complicated necessities. The old idea that any body, however ignorant, can teach children is as unphilosophic as it is dangerous. It is a mistake that has too often resulted in the eternal marring if not in the fearful destruction of many an immortal being.

As the basis of our subject we lay down the following proposition: That in the creation of the human soul all the elements or attributes which are to mark the character of its future and maturer life are given to it as component parts of its being, as absolutely necessary to its personal identity. If this be so, then it seems equally clear that we are bound to accept as a corollary of this proposition that all the elements or attributes of the human soul are not only innocent in themselves, but absolutely necessary to the development of a truly-symmetrical character. And if this be accepted, then the still further inference is necessitated that the great work of education—of intellectual, moral, and Christian culture—consists mainly in the adaptation of appropriate means to the end that each of these primal faculties of the soul may be led out and matured in strength and harmoniously adjusted to every other power of the spirit. Such is the basis of our theory.

We thus discover that the elements of childhood are precisely the same as those of manhood, with this conditional difference:

1. These faculties are in the soul as mere elements, not as developed powers.
2. The normal aptitude for development in these faculties is not the same in each.
3. In such development as is usually discovered in children who are old enough to attend our Sabbath schools there is a great inequality in strength and energy in the powers which are controlling and governing the soul of the child.

We grant that the character and extent of this partial development is greatly diversified, that it differs widely in different localities and

with different surroundings; and yet we think it is sufficiently homogeneous to admit of a classification answering all the demands of our present purpose.

And here let us premise that in pursuing this topic we shall not attempt a complete analysis of the human soul, but we desire rather to mark one or two of the peculiar characteristics of childhood which are universally discoverable. And yet we would add that he who is not skilled in his power of analysis will succeed but indifferently in his attempts to prepare food for the youthful spirit; and this more than any thing else, it seems to us, is the reason why so many with splendid talents make such sad failures when they attempt to write for children.

All who have been careful observers have doubtless become cognizant of the very early and strong development of the *affectional nature* of the child. This, while it is peculiarly pleasing, strengthening, as it does, the golden chain that binds the parent to his offspring, is, nevertheless, wonderful. It antagonizes all man's ideas of the fitness of things. He would make intellect the guide of the heart—would make the knowing precede the doing. But God has not so ordered it. The child loves before he can give any conscious reason for his love. He feels deeply while as yet his mental faculties are lying almost wholly undeveloped. And, indeed, so gradual is this development of mere intellect, even under the most favorable circumstances, that the utmost care of the parent is necessary to prevent the sensibilities of the child from obtaining such luxuriance of growth and strength of power as to fearfully jeopardize the future wellbeing of the spirit.

This would, indeed, be a sad picture to contemplate, especially when we consider the lapsing and destroying influence of sin, were it not for another fact equally apparent with the above, namely, that the moral apprehensions of the child are also of very early growth. Indeed, these are so nearly spontaneous in their germination, so rapid in their development, that they appear rather as instincts than as mental deductions. But they are not instincts. Children are not mere animals; and beneath all this apparently-intuitive perception there is the basis of intellect claiming for the child a brotherhood with man.

This aptitude of the child, if such we may designate it, for apprehending moral questions is emphatically a marked feature. Few of us fully realize how early may be developed in him notions of God and of his own personal responsibility to him. And especially when we

reflect that his young spirit has no tangible object upon which he may lay hold to aid him in his conceptions—that God reveals himself in no bodily form, but from every object of sense seems to be entirely separate, his facility in apprehending so clearly the Divine existence is well-nigh incredible. Said my little boy of less than four Summers to me the other day when I told him that I must go away and leave him for some weeks, while his little heart was well-nigh bursting with grief, "Won't your Heavenly Father love you if you do n't go?" This question was not elicited by any reference upon my part to the will of God, but was purely the expression of his own early recognition not only of the existence of the Supreme Being, but also of my personal responsibility to him. Nor is this a singular illustration of our thought. All our Christian homes teem with them. Every day our bright-eyed darlings are startling us with what we designate their precocious conceptions of God. Like young Samuel, they often have wondrous visions and listen to the voice of their great Father in heaven while yet slumbering in the arms of maternal love.

Another fact discoverable in the study of childhood is this, that of all the intellectual faculties those which are combined in what is denominated imagination—including in this term the exercise of fancy—are among the first to start into vigorous life under the influence of culture. Indeed, we may say that children are *normally* imaginative. This they discover to us in all their sport and play, in their innate love of story and personation, in the quaintness of their questionings, the grotesqueness of their sayings, and in the pensive dreamings with which they often startle maturer minds.

No person can watch the sportings of a group of children for a single hour and fail to see unmistakable evidence of this faculty. Pardon an illustration. I have a young friend, a golden-haired, blue-eyed cherub of ten Summers. I have seen her sit for hours at a time the center of a group of wondering children, charming them with the play of her wonderful imagination in inventing and telling stories, fairy-tales, and the like. They seem never to tire of this, and will always leave every other pastime to engage in it. The exercise of this faculty seems as natural to the young mind as play to the lamb, or song to the bird. True, it differs in different individuals, but it is inherent in all.

But we need not pursue this line of remark. We have said enough already to indicate the direction of our own thoughts, and to show from what stand-point we have chosen to approach our subject.

## THE CAVE OF ADELSBERG.

BY PROF. GEO. F. COMFORT.

THE region of South Germany and the Adriatic has been the scene of violent geologic actions. The mountains are abrupt and generally lie in ranges running from the north-west to the south-east. In Istria they are more confused, and at times it is difficult to trace any regularity in either form or direction. Occasionally indeed they sweep around into a complete circle, embracing with their rocky walls a beautiful little valley occupied by a peasant or two, who, in their quiet homes, give themselves little trouble about the world outside. Occasionally a solitary peak rises high and steep in the center of a large valley. The strata of the rock wind and twist in singular contortions, now folding back upon themselves and now striking at right angles the strata coming from the opposite direction. The rock itself, a chalky limestone, varies from a hard and durable marble to a structure so brittle and scoriaceous as to resemble a vast quantity of tufa, or petrified sponge. Every thing indicates its volcanic origin.

As you climb over the mountains, now and then a monstrous lizard darts from under your feet and disappears in the crevices of the rock, which form fine hiding-places for the myriads of these and other reptiles that abound in many parts of this country. These openings in caverns vary in size from an inch or less to many feet in diameter. In several places rivers flow under lofty mountains through subterranean channels, and appearing on the other side pass on to the sea. One of these streams furnished water to the Palace of Diocletian and the ancient city of Salona. Another disappears among the mountains of the Montenegrines, and coming out a beautiful stream of cool water at Cattero, furnishes a bountiful supply to their enemies, the Austrians. A similar one flows into the side of a mountain at Adelsberg. The opening where it enters is large enough to admit of rather a difficult passage into a cavern of considerable extent. It attracted no particular attention till, about the beginning of the present century, two men attempted to pass beyond it by an opening that was accidentally discovered, and came upon another cavern much larger than the first. A great interest was excited by the new discovery. Another company pushed their explorations to the extent of nearly two miles. A new entrance was cut above the one where the stream enters. The Government made an appropriation for its more complete

exploration. Passages were cut, bridges built, and convenient walks were laid out. When all was ready it was formally opened to the public with great festivities. The whole was brilliantly illuminated, refreshments were served, and several bands furnished music in the different "saloons," where, in this novel place, parties danced to their heart's content. The Emperor himself inaugurated the occasion by laying the corner-stone of the monument that has been erected at some distance within the entrance in honor of the occasion. Since that time other passages have been explored and access to them made even more convenient, so that it takes rank as the most extensive and remarkable cave in Europe.

It is, however, out of the usual line of travel, and the great tide of tourists rush through the cities and galleries of art, and the ruins of the works of human greatness, without seeing this wonderful work of nature. Adelsberg is but a small village, of no special interest, situated in a fine plain, which is surrounded by high mountains. Overhanging it is a single lofty peak with the ruins of a medieval castle on its very summit. The cave is about a mile from the village, which is itself half a mile from the station of the Vienna and Trieste Railroad. Two trains leave Trieste daily. We take the morning one, as thus the whole excursion can be made in a single day. The road winds around the side of the mountain by a long passage, and the train passes at a rate quite intolerable to an American, being four hours in passing the distance of about forty-five miles. This might be attributed to the ascent of the road but for the fact that the return is nearly at the same slow rate. The scenery of the Adriatic, the mountains of the Tyrol, and valleys under our feet relieve the tedium of the trip. On our train is a large body of troops, said to be Venetians and Dalmatians, that are taken to distant parts of the Empire. The train we pass has even more, bound for the region of the Adriatic, to fight Garibaldi and the Italians.

Arrived at Adelsberg we register our names in the office, take the guide, and proceed to the cave. Three of the ever-present soldiers join us. Whether they were afraid we were going to carry off the cave, or whether they wished to see it at our expense, was not very clear. Arrived at the entrance two of the guides go in to light up the passages. The other, meanwhile, gives us an epitome of his career as a guide, tells who were the last visitors, and many other items of information, first speaking in Italian, and then, for the benefit of the soldiers, in German. Candles are fixed in wooden sock-

ets in all the important parts of the cave, and are ready to be lighted at a moment's notice. We first enter by a long, narrow passage, till we come to the monument dedicated by the Emperor on the opening of the cave. A little further on is another erected over the grave of one of the royal family, who here lost his life during some of the first explorations by losing his foothold and falling upon the rocks below. From this we enter a large and lofty chamber called "the Dome." Glimmering in the dim light far above us, are the indistinct forms in the ceiling, that springs in a massive arch over our heads. From as far below comes up the roaring of the stream as it rushes over its rocky bed. Through the dome and beyond our path lies over a long, wooden bridge. From this the passage varies, now contracting so as just easily to admit a person walking erect, then expanding into great chambers—over rocks, graded paths, streams, and bridges, with stalactites of all fantastic shapes glittering in the light of the torches, and pillars, and columns of every form, relieved by the dark caverns behind them.

The composition and structure of the rock peculiarly adapts it to the formation of stalactites and stalagmites. Crevices winding through the strata above, either run to the very top of the mountain and connect directly with the air above, or at least open into loose layers of rock containing water. During a long or heavy rain the water rushes through these crevices, forming within cascades of great beauty. In one place, when the torches are extinguished, the dimmest possible glimmer of daylight can be seen coming through some of these crevices. The science of optics teaches us that the red rays of the spectrum have the greatest penetrating power. It is an interesting circumstance that this law, which gives a vermilion color to the last rays of the setting sun and a rosy hue to the shells that lie deep in the bosom of the ocean, should be exemplified again in this subterranean cavern. Here a single mushroom, a few inches in height, has been discovered upon one of these rocks, and a growth of fungus is seen on the timbers of a bridge. Both have a distinct red color. The geologist will also find striking proof of the great antiquity of the earth in the columns of stalactites of such great thickness that have been formed by depositions from the water trickling down through the roof. These exist in all sizes, varying from long, slender threads to columns of several feet in diameter. These stalactitic formations give great beauty and charm to the cave, and from their fantastic shapes have received names according to the various objects they resemble.

One of our guides has gone ahead without our notice and stationed himself in the "Prison." A veritable cell has been formed by little columns in front of a small cavern. As we pass it the prisoner stretches out his hands from between the bars in the most imploring manner. The long hair falls over his face, which is smitten with despair. I turn to the soldiers and tell them that they ought to relieve the poor fellow, as he is guilty of no crime. The joke is a little too sarcastic. Relieving innocent prisoners does not form any great part of the duty of Austrian soldiers at present. Leaving the poor fellow to get out of his fix as best he can we pass on. Up above us is the "Opera Box," with balustrade, canopy, and all. It more resembles, however, an oriel window of the middle ages. On the other side is the "Cascade," formed of long, slender stalactites, over which the water trickles during a rain-storm above. It even now looks like a frozen waterfall in the Winter-time. But, hark! there is the sound of a bell. As we proceed it becomes louder and clearer, and sounds like that of old "Market-Street." The mystery is explained by seeing a guide strike with two heavy stones some massive stalactites that here reach nearly to the floor. Another guide gives a long, shrill "halloo!" The echo rings through one after another of the caverns ahead of us, till, in the faintest murmur possible, it dies away in the distance.

Now we come to the "Meat Market," with beef, mutton, and pork. You can have your choice of fat or lean, and here is a piece with a "streak of fat and a streak of lean." A little further on is a supply of tripe and several kinds of fish. By this time we have walked a long distance, and if you are hungry and do not like the meat we can stop at the "Bakery," near by, where there is plenty of bread, either in loaves or in rolls, or you can have a plate of soup of the "Macaroni," that hangs from the walls in long slender tubes. Red hematite, an ore of iron, abounds in the rock. This is carried down and deposited alternately with the carbonate of lime, giving the variety of color to the meat. But it is singular that these deposits should be in such regularity and minute division as is seen in the "Drapery," a thin leaf of stalactite that winds back and forth like folds of cloth. The colored streaks resemble the most delicate threads of various tints. It is so thin and transparent that when a light is placed behind it, you can hardly believe that it is of rock. To complete the resemblance, slender pieces hang like fringe from the edge.

When the Empress Eugenie introduced the crinoline skirt into fashion, it was said to be

simply a modification of the old farthingale. This must have been a mistake. Evidently she had just been visiting this cave, and seeing "the crinoline," it occurred to her to be a convenient article of apparel. As to priority, this crinoline existed many thousand years before farthingale was ever thought of. The head and breast of "the lion," with a long, flowing mane, projecting from a large rock, guard the passage from encroaching enemies. In another part of the cave the "cat" sits demurely, probably waiting for the "rat" to come along. Neither of them has moved for some time—if the guides may be believed. Our path crosses several times the stream we passed at the entrance. There are three or four natural bridges, one of them is very large. At one place the rock in the bed of the stream resembles waves, even to the foam, as they break upon the sea-shore. These "waves" are only covered with water during heavy rains.

High in the side of the rock at one place is the "Castle Window," a casement worthy of feudal times. Not far beyond is the "Pulpit," richly sculptured, and with a shelf for the Bible. The organ, with two rows of pipes, is always ready for service. Not quite as large as some of the other chambers, but the most impressive of them all is the "Cemetery." As we walk among the many vaults, tombstones, and monuments, we seem to be in a "city of the dead." It requires but little imagination, as the light of our torches falls obscurely for an instant upon some of the most distant, to dress them up into ghosts, flitting along and hiding among the tombs, wondering perhaps who we are that have intruded upon the place of their habitation. Long indeed will remain on my mind the memory of this "cemetery." After stopping a moment to take another look by the glimmering light of a single torch, while the others pass on, we hurry on to the company who are now by the "Tower of Pisa." Like its namesake, it leans from the perpendicular, and has a spiral stairway winding around to the top. We might easily believe that the architects of the old Gothic Cathedral came to this cave to get their inspiration. Here is the pointed arch, the clustered column, and the ceiling decorated with ornamentation of rich design, and chiseled by the hand of Nature with a delicacy of finish marvelously beautiful. So perfect is the symmetry of some of the arches, and so appropriate the detail, that a close examination is necessary to be convinced that some parts are not trimmed at least by the chisel. The shadows behind project the arches in rich perspective.

Similar objects of interest are found through

all the five miles and more of channels, passages, saloons, and domes that have been explored. Openings into many others have been discovered, which, from their echoes, indicate that other parts exist, as interesting or more so than those that have been already explored. A grand illumination through the whole cave is made once every year. Music, with dancing and refreshments, is furnished. Many of the royal court and other distinguished visitors are present. Many thousand people make the occasion a holiday, and come in parties from all the neighboring towns. But let the lover of Nature in her sublimity, solitude, and obscurity, if he attends the great illumination, go a few days before, with a small company, engaging a moderate lighting of the cave. If after this he goes in with the great throng, when the whole is as brilliant as the halls of a palace on a festive occasion, he will probably regret it, and long for the return of the impression of mysterious sublimity that he felt on his first visit.

If after wandering through the five miles of labyrinthine passages and back, the visitor has still strength and nerve, let him climb to the top of the mountain peak above the cave. The ascent is steep, but once at the summit the view is grand and beautiful. Beneath his feet reposes the quiet village of Adelsberg. The line of the railroad can be traced for miles along the base of the abrupt, pine-covered mountains that skirt the eastern horizon. To the west, far in the distance, are the mountains of the Tyrol. A nearer range completes the circle of the horizon. White cottages are scattered through the vineyards in the broad level plain below. Winding gracefully in its serpentine course through the willows that skirt its bank, the river flows slowly along as if half-reluctant to be entombed in "the cave," at whose entrance it disappears. The walls of a medieval castle crown the very summit of the mountain. In the peculiar life of feudal times—Sovitch could not have chosen a more commanding position for his castle. An invading foe could be seen when a long distance off; the only easy approach could be cut off by closing the gate at the foot of the mountain, and rash indeed would be the attempt of an attack. A solitary crow flies slowly around the castle and silently disappears in its nest in a neighboring tree, and we descend to take the evening train to Trieste.

PEACE is the flowing of the brook, but joy is the dashing of the cataract when the brook is filled, bursts its banks, and rushes down the rocks.

## OUR BLACKBERRY EXCURSION.

BY HARRIET N. HARR.

YES, it was all settled at last that "if it did not rain," and "if nothing went wrong," we were to have our blackberry party on Wednesday. How delighted we children were! How we skipped, and danced, and clapped our hands for joy that the long-talked-of "blackberry party" was really to come off!

"What! a party with no refreshments but blackberries?" asks a little friend.

No refreshments but blackberries! You should have seen the cold chicken, and ham, and tongue, to say nothing of the bread, and butter, and pickles, and cheese, with pies of all sorts and sizes that had been prepared.

"What funny things to eat at a party!" you exclaim; and "was it to be an evening party?"

No, of course not; it was altogether too brilliant an affair to come off after dark, even with the aid of wax lights—for we had no gas in those days. The brightest and freshest of the morning hours were to be given to it, while the noontide season was to be passed amid the deepest shades of the thick, green woods which adjoined the "blackberry patch."

"O, I begin to understand now," said the little one who spoke before, "you were going out to pick your own blackberries."

Yes, indeed, that was to be the greatest treat of all—the privilege of picking the berries for ourselves—and if you have eaten only those that come from market you do n't know how good blackberries really are. You can form no idea how sweet and delicious they taste when "eaten right off the bushes." If you do n't believe this just try it for yourselves the first opportunity you get.

Tuesday evening we were all out of doors watching "the sun go down." We have always loved those gorgeous sunset scenes, when the golden light suffuses the western sky, making every thing so beautiful—as if one of those pearl-studded gates of the New Jerusalem had been left ajar for a moment that the reflection of those golden pavements, and that glorious light which the presence of the Lamb ever diffuses, might gleam upon us for a little season just to prevent our being quite satisfied with earth and forgetting that our true home is in heaven. But on that night of all others we rejoiced in those beauties because they gave promise of a fine day for our blackberrying. We were but children then, and cared more for the prospect of enjoying "things seen and temporal" than of cheering our souls with the

promises of joys that are unseen and eternal. And, though so much older now, how often do we act the part of children still, anxious, and troubled, and questioning as to what shall be on the morrow, and forgetting to stay our hearts upon the promise of our Father that if we trust in him it shall be well with us forever!

"It will be a fine day!" "we shall have a beautiful day!" and "it promises to be a lovely day!" were the joyous exclamations with which we bade each other good-night and hurried home to make sure that every thing would be ready for the picnic. We even tried to *help* on matters by lifting the cover of every basket and untying every parcel till we were scolded for being "meddlesome matties" and sent off to bed with the assurance that if we did n't go right to sleep we should not be awake in time to go after blackberries. So off to dream-land we traveled as fast as our excited fancies would let us.

What a hurrying and bustling there was next morning, each one so afraid of being late! and how soon we were all through breakfast and utterly unable to eat another crumb before we had consumed the half that our morning appetites required on other days!

As the road over which we were to go was far-famed for its roughness, two strong spring wagons had been provided for the excursion. Into one of these the baskets full of dinner which we were to empty, and the empty baskets and pails we expected to fill with berries were safely stowed, together with a certain lady who was sure that her hands would be required to steady the baskets containing the pies, the bottles of cream, and sundry good things which she had provided—some of them especially for us children—sure proofs, we thought, that if she were, as people said, "an old maid," she was neither cross nor selfish for all that. Just as that "baggage wagon" seemed to be comfortably full, it received an unlooked-for addition in the person of a bachelor gentleman, who suddenly made the discovery that he could "never ride in peace with so many chattering children!" Those whom he designated so *respectfully* as chatters were only too glad to part company with him, but the more thoughtful of us pitied the lady thus condemned to a *tete-à-tete* with him, especially when her flushed up cheeks seemed to say how *angry* she was at the intrusion!

You may be sure there was some crowding in the other wagon when thirteen of us tried to find seats there. But if we did sit on each other's laps and even down on the floor, why,

it was all the more fun, you know, or at least some of the little boys and girls of the party seemed to think so. And then every one was in such a good humor that we laughed, and chatted, and sung to our heart's content, and nobody once said, "Children, do hush your noise!" or "There's no hearing one's self think in such a clatter!"

On we went merrily, down one hill and up another, passing easily over the rocks and roughnesses with our good horses and strong wagons till we reached the "blackberry field." This was a beautiful spot, with a clear stream of water in the lower part of it, and thick woods on two sides. With shouts that echoed far and wide we young ones sprang out and attacked the bushes so loaded with their tempting-looking fruit; and then such a scratching of hands and faces, and such a tearing of dresses as ensued! The elders of the party went to work more quietly and with less damage to their persons and clothing. The horses were detached from the wagons and turned into the shade, the baskets of dinner deposited in a cool place, and then all were ready to enjoy the berries. Such fine large ones as they were I never saw before, and I have never seen any since that tasted half so sweet.

It was not long before Hetty C. began to wish she had minded her mother when she told her to wear a dress with "high neck and long sleeves," for her arms were covered with scratches, and in reaching through a cluster of bushes after some remarkably-fine berries, her hair became entangled on some thorns, and before we could extricate it her shoulders were torn and bleeding. Poor Hetty! as she sat down on the grass and cried she said, "Well, another time I'll take mother's advice." And I rather think that one of the boys of the party came to a similar conclusion. When his face was blistered by the sun from the heat of which the stylish little cap he had insisted upon wearing afforded him no protection, I fancy he felt that it would have been better if he had worn the large straw hat recommended by "mother," even though it was, as he said, "a coarse, cheap affair!" Well, in spite of all accidents and mishaps, our baskets were nearly filled with berries, and we "pickers" began to grow hungry. So, while the grown people rested in the cool shade the young folks flitted hither and thither preparing the dinner. The boys collected a quantity of dry sticks, lighted a fire, filled the tea-kettle, and by a series of ingenious contrivances succeeded in swinging it over the flame. Meanwhile the girls spread the snowy table-cloths on the grass, and tastefully arranged

the various good things which the baskets had contained.

"There, now the table would be *perfect* if it only had some flowers in the center, but no woodland feast can be complete without flowers," said the pretty Lucy K., herself a sweet wild flower.

Away ran the boys in all directions, and soon returned bringing bouquets almost as large as themselves, the beautiful white alder being conspicuous among them. But where were the vases to hold the flowers, and woodland leaves, and delicate vines which had been so profusely gathered? As there were already only half enough drinking-cups it was impossible to spare any of them for the purpose.

"Put them in the small tin pails you were picking berries in," called out one of our elders.

It was a bright idea, and never was dinner-table so decked out with flowers—all *wild* flowers, too, God's love tokens springing up in solitary places, where man in his lesser wisdom would have considered them wasted.

"Now that is *perfect*, and every thing is ready except the coffee; how awfully long the tea-kettle is in boiling!"

"And no wonder, for see, the fire has fallen down and almost gone out."

What a scampering there was then to replenish the fire, which was soon blazing and crackling in a way perfectly delightful to contemplate!

"There, the kettle boils now!" cried some half dozen young voices as the white steam issued from spout and lid. But just in that moment of exultation something gave way, and over went the kettle, spilling every drop of the warm water and putting out the fire too.

"Did any body ever see such a time as we are having?" exclaimed the lively little Mollie S., clapping her hands as if it were all good fun, and then hurrying off to gather her tiny apron full of kindlings.

The fire was relighted at last, the kettle refilled and made to swing again. But by this time the little people, to say nothing of their elders, were too hungry to wait for their dinner any longer.

"The coffee is only for the grown folks at any rate," they said; "so let us have dinner, and they can take their coffee afterward."

Then one of the children rang a cow-bell—which she had picked up in her rambles—to summon the company to the dinner-table. They seated themselves around it as well as they could, the ladies assuming that lowly position on the grass as naturally as though they never

sat on chairs to dine, while some of the gentlemen were sadly at a loss to know how to dispose of their limbs and feet.

After repeated attempts one very tall gentleman exclaimed, "I always envy ladies the peculiarly-graceful way they have of sitting on the grass, but for the life of me I can not see how they manage it."

"It is only because they have skirts to cover up their feet that you think so," said Sallie T., who was noted for bluntness.

"Ah, yes, the drapery; I did not think of that! Well, we must be content then with our awkward appearance, I suppose."

"Especially as, in wet weather, and in going through the bushes, you have so decided an advantage over us," said dear Mrs. B., who always held up to view the brightest side of every thing.

"Grace" was said, and then the good things were attacked *sans cérémonie*. Some had no forks, others no knives, and some had occasion to quote the old proverb, "Fingers were made before forks," and to commence operations accordingly. Every deficiency only afforded fresh cause for mirth and jest. Yet with all the laughing and talking it was wonderful how much eating was accomplished.

"Boys, do n't drink all that cream," said Miss T. "You must leave enough of it for our coffee. There, the kettle boils now, do n't it?" for our dining-hall was so located as to afford a full view of our extensive culinary department. Half a dozen of the girls ran to have the honor of making the coffee. As it was already mixed up with egg and cold water it did not take long to set it to boil. While this was going on Mollie S. delighted the eyes of the coffee-drinkers by bringing out two extra bottles of cream which she had hidden away for them. Placing them beside the sugar, she proceeded to collect and wash the various cups and spoons, turning occasionally and "counting noses" to see if there were surely enough for all the grown people. In a few moments a delightful odor from the boiling coffee diffused itself through our kitchen and dining-room, and very soon that exhilarating beverage was circulating among "the old folks," while the young ones discussed the cakes, nuts, and candies. All were full of life and joy, and as Mrs. B. looked around upon the happy faces she remarked, "How different this pleasant scene is from a blackberry excursion in which I participated when a little girl!"

O, you promised to tell us about that some time; won't you please to do so now?" cried one of the children.

"No time like the present," suggested one of the gentlemen.

"Well, I believe my story will interest these young people, and if I talk the grown ones to sleep they will have to thank me for a good nap, that's all. But before I commence I'll take that other sofa," and, settling herself comfortably on the mossy trunk of a prostrate tree, she began: "That blackberry party was the one great act of disobedience of my childhood, and the thought of it darkened many days which would else have been as gleams of sunlight. True, I was sorely tempted, but I ought to have known that to deceive my parents could bring only misery to them and myself.

"At that time my brother and I attended the same school, and it was no *primary* school, I can assure you, but an academy of a very high order. No pupils, either male or female, could be received within its favored walls till they had made considerable attainments in *literature*, which meant that they must know something of reading, writing, and ciphering, and be able to spell from the dictionary! Once admitted there the young gentlemen were fitted for college and the young ladies for society, and some of them even for matrimony. While on our way to this school one bright Summer morning we were stopped at the last corner by two of our schoolmates, who had constituted themselves a committee of investigation to ascertain how many of us were willing to play truant from school next day and join them on a blackberry excursion. My horror of playing truant was so strong that I instantly said 'no,' and walked on to school. But before the morning session was half over I received various little notes, telling me that my brother and several of my best friends had agreed to go, and urging me in such endearing terms to accompany them that I found it hard to persist in saying 'no.' All through the day so many urgent appeals were made to me, and the whole affair dressed up in such brilliant colors, that my resolution decidedly wavered. Then the girls whom I loved best suggested that since they had confided the secret to me I was in honor bound to go, that my staying away would look as if I meant to betray them, and that if they ever were found out they would know whom to thank 'for having told tales out of school.' Of course I was shocked at such a suspicion as that, and vowed that I would die rather than betray them; but they pretended still to doubt me, and so to prove my perfect good faith I consented to go with them. Then the whole plan of maneuvering was unfolded by George Gray, with occasional emendations by his quick-witted

sister Mary. We were to inform our parents that we wished to remain at school during the noon recess to practice some dialogues. They would then provide us with baskets of dinner. Having made sure of these we were to start on our tramp just as the first bell was ringing for school. To avoid suspicion, however, we were to leave town by different ways, and all to meet on the hill just beyond the canal bridge; 'and we shall have such a fine time!' said George in conclusion as we separated for home.

"That night was a restless one for me, and the next morning I felt ashamed to look my mother in the face. My brother blushed so when he asked for our dinner that if mother had not been very busy she would have suspected something wrong. We hurried away, glad to get out of her sight, and yet trying to persuade ourselves that what we were about to do was no great harm. When we reached the hill and joined our companions I felt tired enough to sit down, but we had still two miles to walk, and, unfortunately for us, the sun shone out in all its splendor. We had chanced to select the most oppressive day of the whole season for our runaway trip; but if aching heads and sunburnt faces and necks had been the worst results of that act of disobedience we should have been fortunate. Long before we reached the blackberry field the girls were complaining of heat and fatigue, and the boys then fell to teasing us for being so delicate. I fancy none of our consciences were at ease, and that rendered us cross and unkind to each other. Some of us were really crying with vexation when George called out, 'Here we are! here 's the place, boys!' The sight of those fine berries revived our spirits, and we flew to gather them, never thinking of the thorns till too late. The screams and cries we uttered when we saw the blood trickling from our hands and arms caused the boys to laugh louder at us than they had done on the way there, and to repeat their taunts of, 'You girls are so delicate!' as if that delicacy of constitution were not a sufficient misfortune for us to bear without being reproached for it in addition. My own brother, usually so kind and gentle, refused to help me when I was caught fast on some bushes, but just stood by laughing at my attempts to get loose, and saying at every fresh rent in my dress, or scratch on my arms and neck, 'O, you are so securely pinned there you 'll have to stay always and act as scarecrow! A capital scarecrow you will make too!' His unkindness hurt me more than all the thorns of the blackberry bushes, and when at last I got loose I stole away to a shady spot and sat down and

cried as if my heart were breaking. I felt that I should have been far happier in the quiet school-room, safe from all harm, and attending to my duties. Then I thought of dear mother at home, and of how we were deceiving her, and my tears flowed afresh.

"Presently a loud scream from Mary Gray startled us all. Her luxuriant curls had always been her especial pride and the envy of half the girls in school. She had fallen in such a way that her hair became entangled among the thorns, and she was unable to move without pain. At first the boys set up a shout at her ludicrous appearance, calling her Absalom and Absalomie, but when she closed her eyes in a fainting fit they were really alarmed, and one of them ran for water while the others busied themselves in extricating her from the thorns. But this could not be done without cutting off a great many of her beautiful curls. As this operation had to be performed by means of the boys' pocket-knives, it was not done in the most skillful manner, and her appearance was frightfully changed. It was more than two years before her hair grew out even again and was as nice as it had been that morning when she left home for the purpose of playing truant.

"Amid all her suffering I had one good joke against her, though, which I kept for a long while, and I could always make her laugh and blush by reminding her of it. I detected my brother stealing back, as he thought all unobserved, to the place where she had left her curls, and after spending a long time in untangling one of them he transferred it to his pocket. And that very curl, with a blackberry thorn sticking to one end of it, lay for a long while in the private drawer of his desk—that is, private to all but his meddling little sister—accompanied him to college, and then—but *that* does n't belong to the account of our blackberry party."

"O, well, no matter, if it does not *belong* there throw it in as a donation, and tell us the result of that curl!"

"Well, many years after a certain young wife was taking the liberty, which even the best of wives will sometimes assume, of 'putting to rights' the private and personal property of her 'liege lord,' when she came upon a little box labeled, 'Blackberry Excursion, August 2, 18—,' and opening it found a long curl kept together at the end by a couple of thorns. Laying it against her hair she looked in the glass and said, 'How the color of it *has* changed! I had no idea my hair was so near being red!'

"To return to us little runaways in the woods.

We saw, by the sun being directly over our heads, that it must be noon, so we took out our dinners and sat around on the grass as ragged and forlorn a set of gipsies as can well be imagined, and I rather think we more than half wished ourselves at home. But the worst was yet to come. We had not noticed that the sky was overcast with dark clouds till a sudden flash of lightning and a deep peal of thunder caused us to start to our feet. 'We are going to have a storm, let us hurry home!' we girls exclaimed. But the elder boys said the storm was so near that if we were to start immediately the rain would be down upon us before we could get half-way home, that it would probably be only a shower, and the best thing we could do was to seek shelter under the thickest of the trees. 'Suppose the trees should be struck by lightning!' said one of the girls in terror. 'Suppose they should,' a boy attempted in a mocking tone; but we soon saw that all teasing was to be laid aside, and that they were really anxious to do the best in their power for our protection. Already the large rain-drops came pattering down, and we were glad to seek the shelter of the trees which the boys pointed out to us. 'I do n't think this is the best place, boys,' said George Gray after a careful survey. 'This ground is so low that we may be flooded. See, yonder is a high bank, and the shade is quite as thick as here!' 'But it rains so hard.' 'O, it won't take a minute to get there! Come, see who can run between the drops!' and, taking the smallest girl by the hand, he started. He was soon followed by the whole troop, though some did mutter at 'his notion in wanting us to move.' By and by we had reason to thank him for that 'notion,' and to feel that our moving had been providential, for in less than half an hour after we left it one of the trees under which we had been sitting was struck by lightning. That awful spectacle filled our young hearts with terror, and the feeling of each one was, 'If only we were safe at home!' Amid the sobbing George Gray spoke out—that boy ever foremost in fun and frolic showed himself as ready to yield to the good impulses of his nature—saying in an earnest tone, 'Perhaps if we were to pray to God now he would take care of us.' 'Pray! O certainly, parson Gray! will you lead us in prayer?' said a boy whom I had always disliked. 'You know that is not what I meant, James,' answered George in a quiet, steady tone, though his cheek flushed, 'and I am not fit to lead any one in what is good. I meant for each one of us to pray silently in our hearts, and if we are in earnest

God will hear us and take care of us.' As most of the boys covered their faces with their hats, and the girls bent down their heads upon their hands, I believe that many a sincere prayer was breathed forth from those trembling hearts. Who shall say that they did not ascend to the great white throne, and, being cleansed from their sin-stains by the Redeemer's blood, were accepted of the Father? The attempt to pray soothed and calmed us, and after an hour more of patient waiting the clouds began to break away, the rain was staid, and the sun shone out again to gladden our hearts.

"With our wet and soiled garments what a plight we were in for going home! But we might still have esteemed ourselves happy had that been the worst of our trouble. Just as we were leaving the blackberry field Nannie Green was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake. We were all frightened nearly to death, even George Gray hardly knowing what he was about. For Nannie to walk was impossible, the poor girl was suffering so intensely, so the boys kindly took turns, two and two, in carrying her. I was pleased to see how tenderly they handled her. Of course, in that way we made very slow progress; but one of the boys ran on to town to notify a doctor and have him come to meet us with remedies. After our mournful procession had gone about a mile we were so fortunate as to meet a farmer returning from town with his empty wagon. He kindly took pity on us, and, packing us all into the large wagon, turned his horses round and carried us home. We met the doctor and Nannie's father near the canal bridge where we had waited for each other in the morning. How long it seemed to us since then! I can not begin to tell you of the distress of that father nor the anguish of her mother when they learned what had befallen their only child. And Nannie's home was not the only one in which there was suffering that night. All who had been engaged in that act of deception felt guilty and wretched, while our parents saw with painful feelings that they could no longer place confidence in their own children. Having once deceived them they felt that it would be a long time before they could trust us again. Then, too, how mortifying it was to us to have our fault thus, through Nannie's accident, known to every body in town, and to feel that when people saw us they spoke of us as 'the children that had joined in playing truant.'

"Poor Nannie was sick for a long while, and suffered a great deal. At one time the doctor despaired of her ever getting well, and O, how our hearts ached at the thought of her going

down to the grave as the result of our disobedience! But God in his infinite mercy at last raised her up from that bed of suffering and gave her strength to go about among us as before.

"I shall never forget the first day she appeared at school again. We had just been called to our seats when some one came in exclaiming, 'Nannie Green's coming!' All sprang to their feet, and the teacher's voice was for once unheeded as we crowded about the door, and it was only after kissing each girl and shaking hands with each boy that she was permitted to pass on to her old seat. We had all visited her every day during her illness, but then it did seem so pleasant to have her in the school-room once more that we almost cried for joy. Even our teacher was affected, and, descending from the platform, he kissed Nannie's forehead and bade her welcome to the old, familiar place. And when, in the morning prayer, he thanked God for having restored our dear young friend to us, and prayed that all our wanderings from our earthly and our Heavenly parents might be pardoned through the blood of Jesus, and we be brought safely to our Father's house above, all who had composed that truant band were completely melted down. That prayer softened our hearts most effectually, and made us more resolved upon always doing right in future than the severest punishment could have done. 'Why,' said one boy to another at recess, 'a flogging would n't have hurt me half as much as that kind of praying did.' 'Nor me either,' said the other, 'for I never cry when I'm whipped, but I could n't keep the tears back then for the life of me.'"

#### SWEET BREATH OF SUMMER.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

SWEET breath of Summer, what a soothing strain  
Thou waftest to my ear from purling rills,  
From thick-leaved groves, and softly rustling grain  
Which spreads the slope of all those sunny hills,  
Stretching afar to greet the misty blue  
Of cloud-kissed mountains, kindred of the skies,  
Whose caverns sunshine never wanders through,  
Nor lights their weary depths with rainbow dyes.

Yet, breath of Summer! 'mid this sweet refrain  
Can I forget that half the world is sad?  
That hearts once filled with joy are rent in twain,  
And half a continent in woe is clad?  
In mockery of our pain can Nature smile,  
Or breathes she still a prophecy of peace?  
Though in the furnace tried endure awhile,  
Freedom shall rise again and war shall cease.

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.\*

BY ANNIE M. CROSS.

FAR away where Potomac's waters glide  
Quietly on as of yore,  
A dark old bridge spans the rolling tide,  
And, stretching across from side to side,  
Rests firmly on either shore.

The post was held by our "Union men,"  
They must keep it whate'er the cost,  
For a rebel host was near the glen;  
Should they take the bridge and pass over then  
The battle next day was lost.

And at nightfall was issued this command:  
"Let a few of our bravest ones,  
Who are fearless of heart and firm of hand,  
Be ready on guard at the bridge to stand  
Armed with their truest guns."

'Mong the chosen was one whose youthful face  
Bore impress of peaceful years,  
But he "shouldered his musket" with manly grace,  
And marched with dauntless step to the place,  
With never a thought of fear.

What though he had marched all that weary day,  
And watched all the night before?  
When a horde of rebels around him lay,  
Should weariness plead for a moment's stay—  
Should his soldier heart give o'er?

The night her mantle of darkness spread;  
From the western hills the glow  
Of the golden sunset quickly fled  
As he silently paced, with measured tread,  
Steadily to and fro.

Slowly the midnight hours crept by,  
Still he kept on his weary round,  
And, save now and then the plaintive cry  
Of some night-bird solemnly fitting by,  
There came to his ear no sound.

The moonbeams glanced with silver light  
Down on the river below,  
And the stars—bright gems in the crown of night—  
Seemed to shine again in the waters bright,  
And dance to their ebb and flow.

And then as the cool dews gently fell,  
A languor over him crept,  
For the night enchantress her magic spell  
With subtle fingers wove so well,  
That he bowed on his gun and slept.

Sweet were his dreams of the happy time  
When he dwelt in his home far away;  
Once more he was trying the cliffs to climb;  
He listened once more to the mellow chime  
That rang at the close of day.

Then he was roaming through shaded bowers,  
And a hand in his own was laid,

\* Written for and read at a public meeting of the "Young Ladies' Lyceum of the Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, Ohio."

He was living over the happy hours  
When together they wandered amid the flowers—  
He and a merry maid.

Fair were his dreamings of happiness  
As "sunlight upon the trees;"  
Alas! that *all* pictures of perfect bliss,  
In a dark and sorrowful world like this,  
Must vanish e'en while they please!

Too swiftly those moments of rapture flew,  
And chillingly *Horror's* breath,  
As stern voices called, o'er his spirit blew—  
He had slept at his post, and too well he knew  
The price of that sleep was *death*.

The moonlight had faded; the dusky gray  
That replaced its silver glow  
Betokened the dawn of another day—  
Ere many such should have passed away  
His head would be lying low.

The trial was over, the sentence read—  
*It was death.* They had set the day—  
His doom was sealed; and with bended head  
He heard his fate, and was slowly led  
By an armed guard away.

The tears stood in many a veteran's eye  
As he gazed on that manly face,  
And many a glance spoke sympathy;  
For himself he was brave, but 't was hard to die  
A soldier in *disgrace*.

He could dare grim Death on the battle-field,  
He had braved him ere that day;  
'Gainst fear of danger his heart was steeled,  
His life for his country he'd gladly yield,  
But to die in that shameful way,

It was too much. He had hoped that bright  
On the scroll of honor his name  
Would shine in letters of golden light,  
And now the chance of a single night  
Had blighted his hopes of fame.

O, life is dear to these hearts of ours,  
But the ties seem doubly strong  
When we know that the gentle Summer showers,  
And the withered petals of faded flowers,  
Will drop on our graves ere long!

And if time-worn pilgrims are loth to die,  
How hard for the youthful heart,  
Whose joyous pulses are throbbing high,  
And whose bright ideals seem ever nigh,  
From this beautiful world to part!

Our noble President sat one night  
Conning the news of the day,  
Reading reports of the latest fight,  
And of Stonewall Jackson's courageous flight  
When our troops came across his way;  
And a startling sentence before him lay;  
It was this: "Private William Scott,  
Of the 3d Vt. Regt., Co. K,  
Was court-martialed for sleeping on guard to-day,  
And was sentenced to be shot."

He read, and resolved at once to save  
From the horror of such a doom,

For he knew the youth, that his heart was brave,  
And he could not think that the grass would wave  
So soon o'er his lowly tomb.

To will was to do, and when morn's first ray  
Gleamed over the azure sea,  
A messenger started upon the way  
Toward where the tents of the army lay,  
Bearing pardon full and free.

But what if the pardon arrive too late—  
If the messenger should delay?  
Must the soldier yield to his dreadful fate?  
The President dropped his papers of state—  
A life was more precious than they.

Months passed; the battle-cry was heard,  
And, leaving Potomac's shore,  
First on the field stood the gallant 3d,  
Facing the foe and waiting the word  
That should waken the cannon's roar.

The order came; 't was a terrible fight;  
The steady torrent of ball  
Came pouring down from the enemy's height.  
And the soldier who slept at his post that night  
Was first in the ranks to fall.

Ah, first to fall, because foremost where  
The battle was fierce and strong!  
Foremost the fiery storm to dare,  
Where shot and shell through the murky air  
Were singing their deadliest song.

And raising to heaven his glassy eye  
As the life-tide was ebbing there,  
He lifted his dying voice on high  
And murmured, as bullets went whizzing by,  
For our President a prayer.

Then calmness settled upon his face,  
And fainter grew his breath,  
The wave of life rolled back apace,  
And peacefully there in that dreadful place  
Once more he slept—in *death*.

They made him a grave where the sun might shine  
Through branches of leaf-crowned trees,  
Where the tendrils of many a clustering vine  
In loving embraces might gently twine  
As they sway to the Summer breeze.

Years, years ago, when our fathers strove,  
By a tyrant's yoke oppressed,  
The sunbeams and shadows their net-work wove  
O'er the same green spot in that quiet grove  
Where a soldier had fallen to rest.

They gently laid him beneath the shade  
To sleep. It was well that he  
Should rest where the moldering bones were laid  
Of one whose grave had long since been made  
In the struggle for liberty.

And shall not our hearts take up the cry  
That was borne on his latest breath,  
And pray that a blessing from on high  
May rest on the heart whose sympathy  
Saved from disgraceful death?

Till the sunlight of peace beam o'er our land,  
And the war-cloud be driven away,  
Till, with victory crowned, our patriot band  
'Neath the starry folds of our banner stand,  
Pray—for our ruler pray.

### THOMAS PAINE—HIS LAST RESIDENCE IN AMERICA.

BY REV. D. CUREY, D. D.

**P**AINE arrived in this country near the end of 1802, after an absence of fifteen years, and though poor and old, he came to renew his career as a partisan agitator. Political parties were then defined with a sharpness of outline and inflamed with a rancor, of which the present times afford but the faintest likenesses. During the whole period from the organization of the Government, European politics had agitated and divided the people of this country to the almost entire exclusion of every thing properly American. One party, claiming Washington for its head, and comprising a large portion of the honored names of our early National history, favored the English as against the French, while their opponents, led by Jefferson, were French rather than American. Theological questions were also mixed up with these party issues, and gave increased asperity to the contest. The partisans of French politics, by an easy transition, passed over to French infidelity, or were accused of doing so; and those whose religious convictions were too deep and genuine to be easily overcome, drew away with horror from political associations that seemed to be saturated with immorality and atheism. The most bitter partisan animosities were evoked, and society became permeated with hatred, and individual hostilities sprang up and grew deep and inveterate in all the relations of life. The pulpits thundered their denunciations against the fashionable infidelity to the ineffable disgust of democratic politicians, while political cliques and bar-room crowds were divided and embroiled over questions of theology.

Coming back to America, Paine seemed to expect that he would be received as one to whom was due an incalculable and never-to-be-repaid debt of gratitude; and though aware that a large and, till recently, dominant party differed with him on these points, yet he assured himself that he was more than a match for all of them. In an address to the public, issued soon after his arrival, he declared his purpose not to accept office at all. He referred complacently to his "established literary fame," as both a sufficient financial resource and a means of public influence. He announced his intention to publish some of his manuscripts, and to continue, at suitable intervals, his letters to the people. All this was done after the style of a military commander taking possession of a country lately occupied by the enemy, in whose manifestos

the good-will of those addressed is supposed, and the invincibility of the coming conqueror is tacitly assumed. He referred to his enemies only with a sneer of defiance, intimating that as they were beneath his contempt, they would probably never receive their deserts at his hands. How imperfectly he discerned the signs of the times his subsequent history demonstrates.

From Baltimore he proceeded to Washington, the new National Capital, and was cordially received by President Jefferson, who had the courage to act out his principles at the risk of popular disfavor. But by most others he was treated with only formal politeness, and very generally avoided by all who could afford to follow their own preferences. When, however, he came to New York, he was made the subject of some attention. A political and infidel club, more French than American, received him as their patron saint and interpreter; but most who had reputations or social position to care for, either silently avoided him or openly disavowed any sympathy with him. Yet for a time the town was redolent of the odor of his name, and Paine, who loved to dwell in the tempest, luxuriated once more in his favorite partisan and personal commotions. Affairs at length culminated in a public dinner, given by his admirers, at Lovett's City Hotel, where all was gay hilarity, liberally seasoned with laudations of French democracy, and jibes at all priests and Puritans.

When these artificial jublations were over, the adverse tendency of the public sentiment became still more apparent. His political principles were distrusted by the Republicans and rejected with abhorrence by the Federalists. Personally he was still less acceptable, for he was disgustingly filthy in his person and singularly offensive in his habits, and both coarse and exacting in his manners. His political enemies, though numerically in the minority, comprised most of the wealth, learning, and culture of the country, while the religious instincts of the people were filled with loathing against him. The time-servers, who had waited to see which way the current would set, finding that there was nothing to be gained by paying him court, turned away from him also; and the poor old man, who had come back to fight over again the battles of the Revolution, and to receive the homage of the young Republic—about to be the second time redeemed by his pen—found himself forsaken by all except a few blatant infidels, who hailed him as their chief, and his bottle companions, who rejoiced to have one so renowned associated with them in their debauches.

In 1803 he took possession of his farm at New Rochelle, and afterward divided his time between that place and New York. In the city he made such associates as he could, and busied himself with whatever occurred to gratify or excite his ruling passions. Shunned and excluded from good society, he was left to associate with the profane and dissolute, among whom he became an oracle. They heard him with deference, and to his strongest statement no contradiction was offered, for none would be tolerated. Notwithstanding his boasted reverence for reason, he would allow no appeal to it against his decisions. In his garrulous boastings he never wearied of celebrating his own exploits, and no compositions could compare to his own writings, whether in matters of taste or profundity of wisdom. He affected the name of "Common Sense," by which he would speak of himself, and would refer to the Revolutionary struggle as "the times that tried men's souls," and all mooted questions were effectually settled by the authority of the "Rights of Man" or the "Age of Reason."

Among his intimates in New York was Cheatham, an Englishman—editor of the "American Citizen," who was simply a bad copy of his own worst qualities. This creature played the sycophant to his master for some years, and afterward published a scurrilous biography of him. Cheatham's paper afforded Paine a ready method of communicating with the public, which was used quite freely. Whatever occupied the public mind he was ready to write upon, often ably; and if controversial—as his pieces often were—they were bitterly personal and vituperative. The controversy between the partisans of Jefferson and Burr was then at its height, and he dealt heavy blows to the Burrites. When Burr escaped conviction before the United States Court, he charged that high tribunal with corruption, and spoke of Chief-Justice Marshall as a "suspected character." He defended the filibustering expedition of Gen. Meranda, the predecessor of those of Lopez and Walker, and doomed like them to end ingloriously. He published a sensible treatise on the yellow fever, after its prevalence in 1804, and one or two essays on a model of an iron bridge, with which he had occupied himself for several years. He wrote in favor of Jefferson's gun-boat navy, for the defense of New York; but shrewdly added that "the cheapest way to fortify the city would be to banish the scoundrels that infest it"—in which opinion, probably, the Police Commissioners and Provost Marshal would concur—if only somebody will do it. When, in 1805,

Pennsylvania called a convention to revise its frame of government, he addressed a long letter to that body, giving its members the advantage of his notions of a perfect State, with an intimation that they would be wise to reduce his suggestions to practice. When, after the purchase of Louisiana, the Creoles memorialized Congress for leave to engage in the African slave-trade, he indignantly reprimanded them for such a flagrant violation of the principles of liberty, asking them, "How dare you put up a petition to Heaven for such a power without fearing to be struck from the earth by its justice?" He certainly would not have done, without a good deal of manipulating, for a model Democrat of the past quarter century.

His life at New Rochelle was unmarked by any thing specially memorable. He was at first regarded by the common people half reverently, on account of his Revolutionary reputation, which gave him the *sobriquet* of "Common Sense"—sometimes mistaken for his real name—and again with an undefined horror, as one guilty of some great crime, or in league with the devil. He mingled with them, but only as a self-constituted oracle of facts and opinions; too proud to be decent in either dress or manners, and too violently opinionated to be tolerable as a companion to any one not prepared to yield to him in every thing. As remembered by the survivors of the first decade of the century, then in their boyhood, he is described as a large old man with a great head and stooping form, a very large nose of a high color, and a projecting under lip. His dress was usually shabby and ill-arranged; the flaps of his great vest hung loosely about his hips, and its huge pockets were used as snuff bags, with which commodity his face and clothes were liberally begrimed. His visits to the village tavern were constant rather than frequent, for there he found both the inspiration and the audience for his diatribes. Some of the better class of the people, on account of his public services, and his acquaintance with notable public events, at first sought to recognize his claims to their attention; but his habits became so offensive that they were compelled to drop him, and he quite readily fell away to less scrupulous associates.

Among the poor old man's last productions were two memorials to Congress for compensation for past services, which strongly indicate the decay of his mental vigor and the growing bitterness of his spirit. When his first memorial had been received by Congress, and, according to the rules of that body, referred to the Committee on Claims, he wrote to the Speaker of the House of Representatives in a strain

of terrible rage on account of the fancied insult. "I know not who the Committee on Claims are," he begins; "but if they were men of younger standing than 'the times that tried men's souls,' and consequently too young to know what the condition of the country was at the time I published 'Common Sense'—for I do not believe that independence would have been declared had it not been for the effort of that work—they are not capable of judging of the whole of the services of THOMAS PAINE. . . . *After so many years of service my heart grows cold toward America.*"

The Spring of the year 1809 brought clear premonitions of the not distant termination of the career of the great political agitator and reviler of Christianity. The powers of a strong constitution began to succumb to the combined action of age, and both mental and physical excesses. And now, agreeably to one of the strange laws of the soul, his thoughts returned once more to the associations of his childhood, and he desired, with an almost poetic sentiment, to be buried among the people in whose simple religious forms he had been, in part, educated—the Quakers—but even that favor was denied him. There is sufficient evidence, too, that as the forces of nature decayed, and he saw that his end was at hand, the long-suppressed religious elements of his nature awoke to life and demanded to be recognized. Though there is no reason to suppose that his religious convictions—if, indeed, he can be said to have had any—underwent any marked change, yet there is proof that in that sad hour he felt and confessed the need of religious consolations. It is also equally evident that he died as he lived—"without God and without hope."

He died June 8, 1809, in New York city, or rather in Greenwich village on the Hudson, then two miles out of town, now lost in the lower part of the city, and was buried without pomp or ceremony upon his farm at New Rochelle. If, as the tradition of the neighborhood runs, the negroes sung profane bacchanals over his grave as they filled it, that fact only indicates their brutality and lack of better teaching and discipline. Ten years later William Cobbett, better known as "Peter Porcupine," who, like Cheatham, was alternately Paine's disciple and detractor, had his bones exhumed and removed to England, that there they might be duly honored with funeral pomp and monumental insignia. But none of these honors came to them. What finally became of them is one of the unanswered questions. A marble shaft, erected by an infidel club in New York, stands near the place where he had been buried, bearing the

bust—in relief—the name and age of "THOMAS PAINE," author of "Common Sense." At a few yards' distance a rude heap of stones marks the place of his vacated grave, and upon the rising ground to the eastward, still called *Mount Paine*, is the house in which he dwelt—now a Christian home.

A candid and discriminating estimate of the character of the subject of this essay has seldom been attempted, and yet it is not a subject of peculiar difficulty. It is evident that he possessed no mean share of mental energy and fertility; but his early opportunities were not favorable, and for that lack no subsequent advantages could compensate. Like most so-called self-educated men, he was always, to a large extent, uneducated. This is evinced by the faultiness of his style, and still more by his unreasonable positiveness. In the temper of his mind he was most unhappily constituted. He was egotistical to the last degree—estimating his own opinions and actions as the perfection of excellence, and despising those of others. This made him disrespectful and regardless of personal and social proprieties, and offensively exacting; and all this naturally resulted in personal quarrels and life-long alienations. His public and private life, in his earlier or later years—in England, in America, and in France—is made up of a series of personal quarrels, growing out of his egotism and his exactions.

But his character was not wholly without its compensating good traits. He was always true to the cause to which he devoted himself, and that not merely from a narrow selfishness. He took his position as the advocate of human rights, and followed out his fundamental first truths to their legitimate consequences, repudiating the double dealings of later times. He threw himself into our Revolutionary struggle with a devotion that took no account of personal ease or aggrandizement. At that time, certainly, his motives were not mercenary; and whatever other complaints were made against him, he was never charged with a misuse of public funds. True, the "almighty dollar" had not then acceded to its omnipotence, and the relations of place and plunder were not then so intimate as later practices have made them. Nor was there much then to tempt one's cupidity; and the lack of temptation may have left some honest whom opportunity would have made otherwise.

But his great and distinguishing characteristic was his *irreligiousness*. There is no good evidence that he ever loved any one with a true and hearty affection, nor that he was capable of true devotion of soul. His patriotism had much

of hate to his opponents, and was largely a form of selfishness taking the style of partisanship; but for evidences of any genial love for country or for humanity one looks in vain among his voluminous writings. His perpetually-recurring quarrels, his reckless love of revolution, and his flippant attacks upon religion, may all be referred to this characteristic depravation of his moral nature. His home education was not well calculated to counterwork his constitutional bias of mind, and the state of religion among the English masses offered but little toward the correction of his depraved inclinations; for his youth was passed before the great Methodist movement had reanimated British Christianity. For a time this defect of religious character was kept in abeyance among the activities of life, or acted only incidentally, but like a cancerous tumor in the flesh, or tubercles in the lungs, which develop active disease as the vital powers decline, so his constitutional irreligiousness developed itself in open enmity against God, as in declining life the heart matured its own bitterness. This is the theory of Paine's character and career as an unbeliever and a promoter of infidelity. This, too, is probably the secret of the downward course of his later life—his petulance and misanthropy—his intemperance and sordidness, and the consequent desolation of friends and of all genuine sympathy. His name and memorials are before the world, as buoys and beacons to show the points of danger, and they are valuable only as warning to direct to truth and safety. His whole history shows us the worthlessness of parts and the insufficiency of opportunities to insure happiness or success, if not accompanied by the redeeming elements of personal integrity of character.

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RESOLUTION.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

HERE it is—your cup of sorrow—  
Do not think  
By refusal to escape it—  
Take and drink.

Never mind if it be bitter  
To your taste;  
Of such drinks there 's very rarely  
Any waste.

Do not look for any sparkle  
On the brim;  
Grief in any guise, believe me,  
Will be grim.

When the cup comes, very likely  
You will cry,

Shrinking with a sudden anguish,  
"Is it I

That must drink it?" Very likely,  
In your fear,  
You will pray that it may pass you—  
It is clear

You will not make very merry  
O'er the draught;  
Never thus was real sorrow  
Ever quaffed.

Here it is, and you must drink it,  
All the pain,  
All the poison, and there 's never  
Any gain

In delaying. Take and drain it  
With a smile—  
Mayhap lookers-on will wonder,  
All the while,

What strange drops of costly sweetness  
Heaven decrees  
For the rare gift of your drinking  
Times like these.

Better thus than stain your honor  
Weeping loud;  
Be not weak—'t is better even  
To be proud.

Do not wait to question vainly,  
"Is it best?"  
If it were, would that assurance  
Dull the zest

Of the pain that now must pierce you?  
Let it go.  
Take your cup and silent drink it;  
Better so.

Slowly onward to the Eternal  
All things flow;  
If the ages have a cordial,  
You will know.

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NO MORE.

BY MRS. SOPHIA T. GRISWOLD.

No more! They have a fearful weight,  
Those words of joy unspoken;  
The language of the desolate,  
Of bleeding hearts and broken.  
We breathe them o'er the sleeper's bed,  
Where voiceless sorrow sigheth;  
We breathe them where the golden head  
Amid the daisies lieth.

No more! within the better land  
Perchance those words are spoken,  
Whene'er, to join the angel band,  
An earthling's chains are broken.  
No more the weary night of time,  
With ills to bear and borrow,  
When greets the soul the motive chime  
Of God's eternal morrow.

## FRONTIER SKETCHES.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, A. M.

## CHOCTAW CAMP MEETING.

ON a lovely May-day morning, in 1845, the writer for the first time crossed the western boundary line which separated the State of Arkansas from the Indian Territory. My destination was a camp meeting to be held in the bounds of the Mo-shu-la-tub-bee district in the Choctaw Nation of Indians.

I was accompanied by Mr. G. and his wife, from Massard prairie, in the bounds of my circuit. They volunteered to attend me as guides, having a desire also to enjoy the advantages of the meeting. Their house was one of my homes, and notwithstanding their peculiarities and foibles, their kindness to me can never be forgotten. Mr. G. had spent the prime of his life as a soldier on the Indian frontier, that most wretched of all schools of morals. He was now about sixty years of age, had lost the use of one of his hands, and also one of his eyes. He was, however, active, temperate, industrious, and thrifty. When he was released from military service, at the age of about fifty, he married a woman who very well matched him in age. They were equally well-mated in other respects, for she was a genuine vixen. This aged couple of frontier characters began their matrimonial career by settling on a small farm, lying on the boundary line of the State. Every thing about the house and farm was kept in good order and the neatest style, the occupants being ambitious to excel their neighbors in every thing under the sun. A fly could hardly buzz in the house without the old lady's notice, and the roosters seemed afraid to crow when the old gentleman was near. The pragmatic old man governed in the fields, and was governed in the house by his termagant wife. She always had a place for his hat and boots which he knew nothing of, and they were disposed of usually with "some words." She also held supreme sway over the garden, dairy, and poultry-yard. This division of authority was natural and proper, and matters might have succeeded well enough had not the two kingdoms necessarily involved each other, producing jars and feuds not a few. She was sure to get the wrong grain for her chickens, and he did not feed and curry her pony as well as he did his own horses; she turned the calves into the wrong lot, and he always brought some mud into the house on his boots; when she wanted to go to town he did n't, and when he wanted to go she would n't. There was about as much harmony between

them as there is between a privileged grimalkin and a superannuated cur about a chimney-corner. Each had an undue share of the oddest whimsicalities grafted on a large stock of ill-nature, and naturally enough their bad tempers would always lead them in opposite ways, producing frequent collisions and clapperclawings. They had a "colored girl" named Minerva, a woman about thirty years of age. In my capacity as a teacher of the Bible I was several times solicited to reprove her for disobedience and a sullen temper, but I always excused myself on the ground of my youth and the defectiveness of my education in reference to the "peculiar institution," having been brought up in the North. I believe, however, my friend, Rev. H. C. Benson, was prevailed on once to go into the kitchen and tender his godly advice to this poor slave, quoting to her the apostolic injunction, "Servants, be obedient to them which are your masters." The example of brother B. was urged upon me, but I obstinately refused to follow in his illustrious footsteps, incurring thereby the dreadful ire of my hostess. I could, however, with the best of grace, have quoted to the complaining ones the apostle's language, "And ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening." If human nature—black or white—could endure the lash of the old lady's tongue without resentment in some form, it would be a marvel. Why, then, should I censure the poor bondwoman for her sullenness?

Such, then, were my traveling companions through the Indian Territory. I was lavishly supplied with timely caution and wholesome advice how to behave myself among the Indians, and how to treat those missionaries who were very superior men, and moreover intimate friends of my companions, who would not for the world be disgraced by my greenness. Some of their counsel was wise, and some was otherwise. I took it all, however, in kindness, and had to be continually on the alert to preserve friendly relations with each of my companions, for they were almost sure to differ on all questions.

Our journey lay through an open country, but thinly timbered and interspersed with small prairies, comparatively level, and covered with long grass and wild flowers. We had no road, not even a trail, for most of the way, but steered our course by distant landmarks, consisting of mountain peaks and ridges. The morning was soft and sunny. In that mild and genial climate the month of May approaches much nearer the ideal pictures of poetry than in the Northern States. A May-day is a reality. Singing-birds,

humming bees, full-blown blossoms, and rich verdure combine to make the scene lovely. Wheat is harvested in this month, and all nature is clothed in its most attractive garb. The altitude of the country prevents the heat from being more oppressive than in less elevated districts further north, though the warm weather is of longer continuance. The nights are cool, so that one sleeps comfortably under a blanket, even in the hottest months of the year. The cool nights and plentiful dews prevent the malaria of the lower country, and refresh and invigorate the system, so as to insure good health, except in the immediate locality of those sluggish streams in the valleys.

On our way we passed groves of the vigorous, thorny Osage orange-tree, or *bois d'arc*, as the people call it. It attains to quite a tree in its native groves, and bears orange-colored apples, or, rather, burs, of a woody substance, not unlike the bur of the sycamore-tree, but much larger. These burs are full of seeds, which are planted in the North to produce the hedge. The wood is fine in its grain, and bears a beautiful polish. Here also the mistletoe grows in ample clusters on the larger trees, especially the elm-tree, in which it seems to delight. It is a very singular parasite, not a vine but a shrub, sticking about in the forks and on the limbs of trees, but totally different from the tree itself. The wood and leaves are of a yellowish-green color, and it produces a pale-red berry. Many singular plants and flowers grow in this region, and the whole landscape is picturesque and variegated, making a ride across the country one of the most charming imaginable. Here

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

When we reached the place of our destination we found the meeting, but minus the camps. There was but one tent on the ground, which was of canvas and belonged to the missionaries and their families. It was a time of recess, and all were preparing for the evening repast. There were no white persons present except the missionaries and their families. The Indians were scattered about in groups under the trees, the women at their fires preparing their simple meal, while the men were either smoking, singing, or attending to their ponies. A temporary stand had been erected and seats arranged, after the fashion of a new country. The Indians provided no shelter whatever for themselves. During the services they would sit quietly on their seats, or flat on the ground, which seemed to suit them quite as well, and none of them would move till they were regularly dismissed, no matter

how long the services were protracted. Of this patient decorum we had a full test on Sunday forenoon, when the love-feast, preaching, and the Sacrament all followed each other without an intermission, and in all that time I did not notice a whisper nor a single departure in the congregation. All seemed reverent and devotional, and all conformed with exactness to the forms of worship. In this respect, and in every other respect, they were more orderly than their white neighbors. In the intervals of worship they would retire a few hundred yards to their several places under the trees, and not return again till called together by the horn. The women carried wood and made small fires to cook their scanty fare, while the men attended to their ponies, which were left to graze in the woods and glades. The chief article of food was *tom-ful-la*, a coarse preparation of sour hominy, of which they are very fond, and which is really not unpalatable to the white man. This they eat out of the pot in which it is boiled, generally with a wooden or horn spoon. Sometimes a whole family surround the pot, all sitting flat on the ground in a circle, and using the same spoon in turn. They do not use meat at every meal, but when they have it they eat enormous quantities. Some of them had a few dishes, tin cups for coffee, and knives and forks, but they seem slow to introduce the customs of civilized life, regarding them as incumbrances rather than conveniences. The men all smoke, hardly ever alone in silent selfishness like the white man, but in companies of from two to half a dozen and more, using but one pipe, which is of ample capacity, and which they pass around from one to the other till it completes the circle, each one giving it several quick, vigorous whiffs and then handing it to his next neighbor. If the smoke is ceremonial—that is, a mere formality expressive of friendship, or to seal some bargain or treaty of amity, or introduce some friend to their fraternal relations—then one round of the pipe suffices. They are, however, fond of the indulgence, and usually exhaust several pipes before the party rises, talking and laughing in the mean time in real social conviviality. Nor is the smoke terminated till each one in his turn expresses himself fully satisfied. They rarely smoke the pure tobacco, but mix with it the leaves of some herb of agreeable flavor, which makes it milder and pleasanter. The Choctaws use a small species of sumac, which they mix with an equal amount of leaf tobacco. This part of Indian life I always enjoyed. At night men, women, and children roll themselves up in a blanket, of which they have one each, like the caterpillar in its down, and sleep on the

bare ground under the trees without pillow or shelter. When it is cool they sit doubled up, wrapped in their blankets, with only their black heads sticking out; a company of them sitting motionless in this manner under a tree reminds one of the Egyptian mummies. Their blankets are of every conceivable color, gay colors being preferred, and the red predominating. Such is the easy and simple manner of these children of the forest at a camp meeting; no display, no haste and bustle, leaving them most of the time for religious services. How different is all this from the cutting and hacking, roasting and frying, gossiping and fussing at a camp meeting in civilized life!

The dress of the Indians was various, in proportion as they had seen fit to supersede their native style by articles of civilization. The prevailing dress among the men was pantaloons, calico shirt, and a calico hunting-shirt. Nearly all of them retained the buckskin leggings and moccasins, which were variously colored and ornamented. Most of them wear belts or sashes, frequently of scarlet color, to which they attach their tobacco-pouch—usually the skin of an animal stripped off entire, with the hairy side out and tail hanging down—their pipe, hunting-knife, and tomahawk. The majority wear no hats; that seems to be one of the last articles of dress to which they submit. They wear their hair long, and almost universally bind a shawl or scarf about their head in the form of a turban, leaving the top of the head exposed. The most common dress among the women is a short calico dress of brilliant color, neckerchief, and moccasins. Only a few along the border wear stockings. None wear bonnets; they either leave the head bare or cover it with a kerchief. In person the Choctaws are symmetrical and comely, of medium size, and less marked than some tribes. They are not so tall and raw-boned as the Cherokees, yet they are strong and muscular. They are darker in color than their Cherokee neighbors, but not as black as the Creeks. They, together with their Chickasaw cousins on Red River, are the most pacific of all the larger tribes in the Territory.

The preachers present at the meeting were Rev. L. B. Stateler, Rev. J. F. Collins, and Rev. J. Page. Stateler was presiding elder of the Choctaw district, and had his family at the meeting. Collins was preacher in charge of the Mo-shu-la-tub-bee circuit. He has since gone to his reward. He was brother to the lamented missionary in China; was a fair preacher, a good man, and a most genial companion. Page was a native Choctaw and assistant of brother Collins; he will reappear in these sketches. Com-

ing to the meeting late in the day it fell to my lot to preach at night. This was my first attempt at preaching through an interpreter; but the deficiencies of the sermon were supplied by the interpreter, John Page, who at its close continued in a warm and glowing exhortation. In the remote part of the congregation were about twenty blacks—so called, but they were of almost every shade; more white than Indian, and many of them more white than black. They were the slaves of Indians. The whole congregation numbered about a hundred. Most of the Indians present were religious and members of the Church, and those who were not members were just as orderly as their brethren. The Indians exhibit but little outward religious excitement; their emotions, however, appear to be strong. Their eyes are usually fixed on the ground during service, and often when they appeared but little concerned the big tears would roll over their dusky cheeks and drop at their feet. There were several conversions during the meeting, and many professed to have been strengthened in the faith of the Gospel of Christ. The Indians all united in saying that the meeting was *a-chuck-ma-fa-na*—very good.

The nights in these wild woods have their romantic interest. Every-where nature teems with life and voices, and night as well as day has its busy and noisy tribes. The vesper carols of the robin still linger in the grove when the first sound of night's chorus begins, and soon the whole woods are echoing with sounds from the most plaintive to the most hideous. Wolves howl across the glade as they sally forth from the hills and clefts of rock, the moping owl mutters out its gloomy bellowings, lizards utter their creaking cries, and the night-hawk shrieks its keen treble to its cooing neighbors. Amid all the wild sounds which make night hideous, you are relieved by the home-like, though unmelodious song of the every-where loved whippowil. Its familiar voice awakens a thousand pleasing memories in the wild forests. It approaches nearest to your bivouac, as it did to the ancestral cottage in by-gone days, as if to remind one of sweet, youthful associations, never to be recalled save in the melancholy sweetness of memory. Despite its whipping and unmusical voice, there is a witchery in its song which charms the traveler to a spell and draws many a pensive tear from his eye. These groves are also the range of the fiercer willswidow. Its color and habits are like those of the whippowil, though it is larger in size. It utters a trisyllabic song like the whippowil, and of about the same loudness, but with greater force and fierceness. It is named willswidow from a

fancied resemblance of its song to that word. I regret that truth requires me to speak in terms of disapprobation of this bird. It is a great scoundrel, and its sin is unpardonable. The crime is no less than a universal war upon the favorite whippowil. Whenever the willswidow is heard in a grove, made cheerful before by the whippowil, the latter is silenced and its welcome voice is no more heard there till its stronger rival has left for other parts.

Sleeping on the bare ground in that country has, however, also its annoyances. The woods are infested with tarantulas, centipedes, and other troublesome customers. The most annoying of all these pests of the woods is the tick. It abounds everywhere in the uplands in incredible numbers. Riding through the tall grass, especially along a cow path, in the after part of the Summer, you become literally covered with the "seed-tick." The fabric of one's garments seems a living mass, and with a marvelous instinct they find their way to the body. They are as small as a tobacco seed, and cling with such tenacity to the body and the garments that it is impossible to brush them off; water makes no impression on them. If you are unfortunate enough to become well covered with these pestilent little fellows, you have but one alternative left you; either to build a fire of tobacco leaves and smoke them off and out of your garments, or else submit to have your skin broken from head to foot. The irritation of their bite is irresistible, and scratching is the only relief from it. The following Spring these ticks reappear, much larger in size and with a lustrous circle on their backs, and are then called "star-ticks," or "yearling-ticks." The star-tick is much easier managed than the seed-tick, as it can be picked off with the fingers. Its head, however, usually remains in the skin, fretting and festering, to the infinite annoyance of the tick-bitten subject. To show the impression which these little creatures make, I may state that the scar of a bite received in Arkansas on my right wrist was distinctly visible after I reached Indiana several weeks afterward. Some families in ticky localities strip and pick their children of ticks before putting them to bed at night. In the pine regions, where these insects are most abundant, a pine-knot is set on fire on the hearth, and the thoughtful mother prepares the little urchins for bed one by one. As the country becomes improved these insects are exterminated.

On our return from the camp meeting we visited the Fort Coffee mission. Rev. W. H. Goode, who was the first superintendent of the mission, had left for the Louisville Convention,

and, in consequence of the Church secession, he never returned. Brother Goode had attended some of my meetings in the State, and was every-where popular and efficient, but his usefulness in that country was suddenly ended by the ill-advised organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Rev. H. C. Benson, who was principal of the academy, still remained, but left for the North soon after. Brother B. also rendered efficient services in the infant settlements of my circuit. In his "Life among the Choctaws" he places me in rather a laughable predicament, and he and his host made me out a greenhorn, because I cried lustily for a guide to assist me down Cedar Bluff. He omits to tell his readers that the incident occurred in the night. I was traveling a trail across the ridges between Massard and Cedar Prairies, intending to reach an appointment that evening at the house of Mr. T. Night overtook me in the woods, and it was impossible to keep the trail, though I dismounted and walked in order to retain it. It was a moonless, cloudy, muggy December evening, and dark as pitch. The bluffs were finally reached, which edge out toward the prairie, rocky, precipitous, and covered with scraggy cedar. I knew of but one place where it was safe to descend with a horse, and this, after many fruitless attempts, I despaired of finding. About half a mile out on the prairie below a light was visible, which I knew to be my preaching-place. I yelled for a guide, and was responded to as usual by dogs. Mr. T., however, finally came to my relief, and I preached to the people who had gathered in, while my friend B. sat doubled up in a split-bottomed chair in the corner of the house "chilling it." He had never traveled much by land in the country, having come by steamboat up the river, and some of the marked peculiarities of land travel he had not yet learned. A very foolish adventure had been made by him that afternoon at the ford of Poteau River, for which he paid dearly. Just below the ford was a bed of quicksand, of which he had been told by way of caution in crossing. The river was then low, and never having encountered the treacherous quicksand, he concluded to *hunt* it with his pony. His curiosity was gratified when he *found* it, and he extricated himself with difficulty after a thorough wetting in the floundering of his pony. This ducking brought on a chill, and accounted for the woe-begone condition in which I found him at the house of brother T. He preached, however, the next day, thoroughly satisfied that there is such a thing as quicksand, and that there is a bar of it in the bed of Poteau River, just below the rocky ford.

## MY PICTURE AND I.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"Here then at last my dust-soiled feet are treading  
The old home paths of childhood's vanished prime."

IT is scarcely possible to return to a New England village after years of absence without reversing a little the adage of wise King Solomon, and believing that every thing is new under the sun. The transforming touch of gain and enterprise has little sympathy with the feeling that would preserve the old associations unaltered, but meddles with and changes every thing. It raises valleys, depresses hills, discovers eligible house-sites in the most unexpected places, turns all the bright little streams into unnatural courses, and cuts straight and unpicturesque canals in any convenient direction without a thought beyond the utility of the operation. The eye soon accustoms itself to all this, and finds beauty in new combinations.

But for me, the returned wanderer, in my memory there is an old picture laid up carefully. It is painted in neutral tints; there is nothing bright or gairish about it. To the eye of a stranger it would present few charms, for it dates back to the day of red school-houses and low, unpainted, and widely-scattered dwelling-houses; but it is very dear to me, for it represents the "old home paths," the haunts of childhood *as they were*. At evening when I sit alone by my window and give full play to the thoughts that are obliged to go in harness all the day, it rests me to look at the old picture and people the old, familiar places with the once familiar forms. That the most of them are no longer dwellers upon the earth, but have entered upon the more real life above, does not in the least detract from the value of the painting, for so long as I gaze upon its faithful rendering of the past they are living to me.

What is the softening influence that comes over one at twilight? All the day the dear old memories hide in silence, shut out from our hearts by the persistent cares of common life. But with the evening gray they come to soothe or soften, or to open afresh the sad fountains of unavailing sorrow. The features of the loved and lost, the genial smiles of the eyes and lips now rigid in death, the last

"Tones of dear delight,  
The morning welcome, and the sweet good-night,"

all are reproduced, and with what a yearning tenderness do we recount to ourselves the many forms of grace and beauty in which our lost earthly idols have appeared to us!

As time passes, and the novelties and freshness of youth lose their charm, the affections grow stronger. In early life the wounds made by life's separation, or even by death, yield to the soothing influence of "Time, the consoler," but at life's maturity grief strikes deeper, and its wounds are incurable. We carry the scars, very often the open wound, down to our graves, and only there are able to realize that "earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not heal." God forgive us that sometimes in our sense of bereavement we fail to rejoice that those we love are safely housed from the storms of earth and exulting in the eternal sunlight! We will be with them some time—soon, if God so wills it—rejoicing with the multitude which no man can number. I do not remember to what writer we owe this sentiment—that heaven is the land "where life is all retouched again." It is a beautiful thought, for it gives a human aspect to views that, because of their relation to the unseen, are apt to become dreamy and merely ideal.

It has been raining heavily all day. The morning and evening papers have brought their *now* unusual reports of battles fought and the advantages gained or lost by the brave defenders of our country's liberties. It may be the gloom of the stormy evening that oppresses me, but to-night I can not look upon my picture. The thousand homes made desolate, the bereaved hearts so dear to the fallen patriot-soldier, come between me and the painting, and I can not see for the blinding tears that will not be restrained. The ball that speeds the young warrior to his doom has not then completed its work of death. It pierces also the heart of the mother who nursed him in rosy babyhood, of the father whose heart still thrills as he remembers the boy's first utterance of love, of the sisters and brothers who have so anxiously awaited the news from the battle-ground. Let none be ashamed to weep for the sorrow now desolating the length and breadth of the land. No matter what may be our political creed, it were surely a heart of stone that could refuse its meed of sympathy.

There is a sad thought that forces itself upon the mind as the eye runs over the long list of the killed and wounded. How many of those immortal spirits, so hurriedly sent to the eternal world, were ready to meet their Judge? It is a brave thing, a noble act to die for one's country, but such a death, self-forgetting and patriotic though it be, does not insure the salvation of the soul.

"Death can not come  
To him untimely who is fit to die."

The less of this cold world the more of heaven;  
The briefer life the earlier immortality."

I can not understand how the profane and irreligious soldier can boldly face the cannon's mouth or dare to risk the sudden transit from the battle-field to the eternal realities beyond the brief moment of death.

There is a lull in the storm outside my window. Availing themselves of it, husbands and fathers are hurrying along the wet street, seeking the home fireside. Beneath the heavy gray clouds the setting sun is striving in vain to give a parting glance to the hushed world. It only succeeds in tinting the low horizon with a paly gold, as transient as it is beautiful. In its light I hold my picture a few moments and rejoice in its possession. But the night approaches, and with its coming the clouds, refreshed by their brief respite from labor, again pour out their freshness upon the earth. I see the lights already sparkling in many a home, and pray for God's blessing upon the inmates of each. Good-night!

#### ANSWERING ECHOES.

BY MARIA S. POE.

SANG a little boy as he trudged along the woodland path, "Heigh-ho!" and back came the answer, "Heigh-ho!" "Where are you?" "Where are you?" "My name 's Willie." "My name 's Willie." "Come here." "Come here." "I sha' n't go to you." "I sha' n't go to you." "You are an ugly, hateful boy." "You are an ugly, hateful boy." "I'll tell my mother of you." "I'll tell my mother of you." And away ran Willie to his mother with great sobs choking his utterance. He told her that a naughty boy in the woods that he could n't see but he guessed was hid behind a stump had called him names and said every thing he said, only it sounded a great deal worse. The mother wiped away the tears from the cheek of her boy and told him that what he heard was but the sound of his own voice coming back to him, and she bade him if he would hear kind and loving words to speak only such.

Answering echoes—the world rings with them. They come not alone from trees and hills, but from hearts and lives. Some are soft and low as the sound of the wind among the leaves, some wild as the eagle's scream or sullen as the ocean's roar. Like produces like, is the law. Storm-clouds blacken earth—sunshine brightens it. Thunder is answered by thunder,

bird-song by bird-song, petulance and distrust by petulance and distrust, kindness by kindness. It was a homely phrase I heard but true—"Some folks never have no good folks round 'em, and it 's their own faults." Have you never been about persons in whose shadows it seemed utterly impossible to be good or to do good? You might have thought the old Adam dead and buried with the grass growing green over his head, but alas for it! a word would rouse him, and he would spring forth, and, marshaling his legions, take possession of your soul and threaten to hang as traitors every thought that tried to be good. And so, instead of striving to please, you felt like striving might and main to displease.

Such people wonder why it is there is so much depravity manifested by those around them, never dreaming the while that the harsh sounds coming to their ears are echoes. Sad it is, but true, that many a discordant note rings back from heart-strings struck by hands that should have wakened only melodies.

The mother finds fault with her children, calls them troublesome, hateful, bids them hush when they would ask some curious question, pushes them rudely from her when they would throw their arms about her neck, and then, in her closet on bended knees, wonders why God did not give her cherubs. Better wonder why she has not more of goodness in her heart, more of gentleness in her manner, for her children's actions are truthful echoes of her own. "You hateful child!" does not come back softened into "my dear mother!"

But earth has echoes that sound like voices from the better land. There are people who have good folks round them. "How nearly an angel she is! While with her I could not help being good; pure and noble thoughts came as by instinct." The face was a plain one, but how beautiful! She stood not out in the bright sunshine, but dwelt in a shaded spot. She sang not as the "Swedish Nightingale," but her words, low-spoken though they were, made music in your heart sweet as angel-choirings, for they came from a heart tuned by God's own hand.

"I love you, my child, I trust you will be a good man," said a mother long ago, and to-day a noble man stands before the world. Praise falls upon his ear for his great deeds, but he heeds it not, for there comes ringing up from boyhood—"I love you, my child, I trust you will be a good man." Earth has no harsher discord than the echo of unkind words, no sweeter music than the echo of kind words and mothers' prayers.

## THE OPENING OF THE MAIL.

BY LIZZIE S. BAILEY.

**B**ROOKSIDE was one of the neatest and prettiest little villages in all New England, with its rows of white cottages and tall poplar-trees. Its inhabitants were frugal and industrious, and although much given to gossiping, they were always ready to give help to the needy and consolation to the afflicted.

On the outskirts of the town stood the little brown-stone church, with its small wooden steeple. It seemed very ancient, for its sides were green with ivy, and its roof gray with moss; the swallows had built their nests in the eaves, where they chirped to one another all the day long.

Next to the church stood the parsonage, half hidden from the view of the passer-by on account of the cherry-trees that grew in the doorway. There was a porch over the door of the house, covered with sweet-smelling honeysuckle, and a large lilac bush grew under the window. Here, on a fine Summer day, you might see the aged pastor sitting in his arm-chair, the gentle breezes playing with his silver locks, and his face beaming with love and benevolence. The next house of importance was situated in the center of the village. It was a long, low building, with a wide piazza, where was displayed a large sign, on which was roughly painted the letters, "P-o-s-t-O-f-f-i-c-e." The front door stood wide open, the threshold being guarded by a great tabby-cat, who sat, with half-closed eyes, enjoying the bright sunshine. A wide hall ran through the house; the floor was well sanded, and the walls ornamented with colored prints. Several chairs and settees stood in this hall. There was a table on the right, upon which stood a long row of boxes alphabetically labeled, and in which were generally found a large supply of epistles, illustrative of every style of penmanship and orthography.

As it wanted an hour before the arrival of the mail, all was quiet as could be, and no human faces were visible, save that of an old man, who was stretched full length on a settee, slowly puffing his pipe. He was of medium height, with sandy hair, and a face almost as red as the poppies in the broken pitcher which stood on a small stand near his elbow. Uncle Abner was as good a man as ever lived in this world of trouble. He was always a friend with both the young and the old; and although once in a while, when his opinions happened to be crossed, he would speak up quick, still his friends would always pass it by, saying, "You know it's uncle Abner's way."

But the silence of the room was now broken by a shrill voice, evidently a woman's. It came from the door of another room, which was partly open, and from whence proceeded the savory smell of cooking. In this room was the kitchen; here the matron of the house was engaged, with her two daughters and a young girl who worked at the post-office for her clothes and her board. It was "bakin' day," as one might readily perceive by the roaring fire in the oven, and the array of tins, dishes, plates of butter, pitchers of rich milk, and boxes of soda, saleratus, and flour that stood upon the well-scoured table.

A tall, thin female stood at the table kneading some bread contained in a large tin pan. She had sharp, piercing eyes and straight, black hair. Her dress, though of simple homespun, was very clean, and there was an air about her whole person of neatness and energy. This was Mistress Dean, a person known throughout the whole village as one who would "never let the grass grow under her feet." She was an especial terror to all the small boys in the neighborhood, for more than one of them had felt the smart strokes of her broomstick on his back, when he had presumed to enter her domain with soiled feet, or had been guilty of appropriating to himself some of her great plums that she always saved for yearly preserving.

By the window of the kitchen sat a young girl pitting ripe, juicy cherries. This was Mirinda, Mrs. Dean's eldest daughter. She partook of her mother's perseverance and energy, though in a more modified form. She wore a red calico dress, dotted over with white and yellow half moons. Her eyes were continually wandering to the window, and then up the road to the far-off town, as if every minute she expected to have her sight cheered by the appearance of some person. Mrs. Dean's other daughter, Debbie, was standing at the same table with her mother, preparing a chicken pie for the oven. She was very different from the rest of the family, having a slight form and a bright, intelligent countenance. She had always been very fond of her books, and her father, ready to gratify every wish of his favorite daughter, had sent her, at her earnest request, to a school in Boston. "But what good did it ever do her?" often said her matter-of-fact mother. "Now there's Mirindy Ann, what's hardly ever bin to school, and yit she can make twice as good a batch of bread as Debbie."

But the person that completed the group must not be forgotten. It was Kezia Jones, who vigorously stirred some substance contained in a large black pot, which stood on the great cooking stove. Kezia was a good-hearted girl, but she

had one great fault, and that was, she had never learned to control her tongue. So anxious was she always to have her say about every thing, that she often got herself into a great deal of trouble. She was also very fond of telling news, and often when she was not quite sure that it was founded on fact.

There had been a silence for some time in the room, broken only by Mrs. Dean's sharp voice giving orders to one and another of the family.

"I declare," said Miss Mirinda, at last, "if there an't that widder Marvyn agoin' up the street again, and it's the second time I've seen her to-day. Most industrious folks don't have so much time for gaddin' 'bout. I do wonder where she can be going to?"

"Mirindy Ann," said Mrs. Dean, "how often have I told you not to interfere with your neighbor's affairs."

"Well, mother, I'm sure I an't interfering with her, and, what's more, I don't want to, only I've got a grudge against her. It's rale provokin' to think how I saved up all my money for the hull Summer to buy that pink calaker in Tom Bennett's shop window; and when I got my seven and sixpence all nicely tied up in the end of my handkerchief, and was on my way to the shop to buy it, who did I see coming along but Mis' Marvyn, with that very pink calaker on her, all made up, and she was walking so proud, with a great green veil all over her face, so afraid was she that one ray of sunshine might fall on her delicate complexion. O, I was so mad that I turned right about in Mr. Johnson's field, and then over into the woods, and sot down and cried! I know I was rale foolish, but I had my heart bent on that dress, and it was hard for me to give it up."

"Served you right, Mirindy Ann," responded her mother; "you are entirely too fond of dress."

"But that an't the worst of it," interrupted Miss Mirinda. "You know I had told Betsey Simmons that I was agoin' to have a new dress, and that I had bought a lovely ribbon, just to match it, for my straw bonnet, and that I was going to wear them both to meeting the very next Sunday. When Sunday came I met Betsey on the meetin'-house steps. The minute she laid eyes on me she said, 'Why, Mirindy, where in the world is your new dress?' So I up and told her all about it. When I had finished speaking I happened to look around, and who stood right beside me but Mis' Marvyn, listening to every word I said! I can tell you I was awful took back. I just give Betsey a jerk by the sleeve to hurry in meetin' with me. I can't blame her so much for buying that dress, but it

was rale mean of her to listen to what we were saying. But she might as well learn first as last that 'listeners never hear any good of themselves.'"

"O, sister!" rejoined Debbie, "how can you say so; you know Mrs. Marvyn has only lived in the village a few months, and we are hardly acquainted with her yet. I am sure she has always been very kind to me. The other day when I was passing her house ready to drop with heat and fatigue, she called me in, gave me a drink of water, and showed me all her beautiful books."

"Miss Mirinda is rather hard on folks in general," bluntly spoke out Kezia; "now I like Mis' Marvyn first-rate. When father lamed his foot last month a choppin' wood for farmer Harris, she was a real friend to us; she came in every day to see if she could be any help to us, and she brought us any quantity of nice little things to tempt father's appetite. They say she's a real lady, too."

"Very likely," responded Miss Mirinda, "but outward appearances are generally deceitful; and another thing I do n't like about her is the way she is bringing up that child of hers. I must say Mis' Marvyn ha' n't got no management or government either."

"I do n't know why you talk about government, Mirindy Ann," replied her mother, "when you can't govern yourself yet!"

But Mrs. Dean's last words fell unheeded upon her daughter's ear, for at that very moment Mirinda caught the glimpse of a man coming up the road, with a pair of mail-bags on the horse before him. "O, here comes uncle Peter!" cried she, and away she ran, upsetting nearly all her cherries in her hurry to put them down. Uncle Abner opened his half-closed eyes as his daughter flew past him in the hall, inquiring, "What made her in such a flurry?" "O father!" she cried, "the mail has come, and I know there is a letter in it for me, for cousin Ellen promised to write me from Bosting, and tell me all the news and all about the fashions."

When Mirinda reached the front door, uncle Peter had alighted from his horse, and was mounting the steps with the mail-bags slung over his shoulders.

"Come in, uncle," said she; "you must have had a terrible hot ride. I do believe I could bile eggs in this sun."

Very pleasant, indeed, to poor, tired uncle Peter was the exchange of riding in the hot sun for the seat in the arm-chair in the cool, refreshing hall. Debbie brought him a mug of beer and a pipe, and so the old man was made very comfortable. In the mean time Mirinda, having

procured the key to the mail-bag, had seated herself on the floor to examine its contents. The white envelopes fell thick and fast around her, like so many great snow-flakes. There was not one of them but passed beneath her curious eyes; she turned them over and over, held them to her eyes, criticised the penmanship, and guessed at their contents.

Debbie having committed her pie to the oven and to the care of Kezia, stood by her sister ready to render her any assistance she might need.

"Well! this beats the beaters," exclaimed Miss Mirinda, and she held up before her a large envelope directed, in a bold, dashing hand, to "*Mrs. Capt. Marvyn.*" "That can't mean the widder Marvyn, can it, Debbie? But there is no other person of that name in the village. What splendid writing, too! and gentleman's handwriting! What wouldn't I give to know what's in it? Such a thick envelope I never did see," and Mirinda held it up to the light to see if it were possible in any way to gain some knowledge of its contents.

Just at that moment a little Maltese kitten came running through the room, and over the letters it went, scattering them in all directions. Mirinda seized it and threw it with considerable force to the other side of the room. "Please don't hurt my kitten," said a silvery voice behind her, and Mirinda turning quickly round, met the gaze of a little girl about seven years of age. She was a beautiful, fairy-like little creature, with golden curls, pink-tinged cheeks, and blue eyes, now full of tears on account of the misfortune that had befallen her little pet. Mirinda's heart was softened at the sight of the little creature, for she said, "O! is it you, Alice Marvyn? I did not mean to hurt your kitten, but I was so awful provoked I didn't know what I was doing; but here's a letter for you, child; give it to your mother, and mind you don't lose it before you get home."

Debbie had in the mean while gone into the kitchen, and now returned, bringing with her a large slice of gingerbread, which she gave little Alice, and the child, with both hands full, was soon on her way to her mother's cottage. Her face was once more radiant with smiles, but little did she think of the glad tidings she was bearing to her beloved parent.

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The midsummer's sun was shining in at the door of widow Marvyn's little white cottage. All around it was very cool and pleasant, for a large apple-tree grew near the window, whose thick branches afforded a delightful shade. A wide gravel walk ran from the house to the

wicket-gate, bordered on both sides by beds of cinnamon roses, sweet currant, and heart-ease. On one side of the house were long rows of currant bushes, whose tiny boughs were quite weighed down by the bright red berries upon them. On the other side of the house was an old-fashioned well, with a "moss-covered bucket." A great willow-tree stood near it, whose branches bent so low that they swept the green sward beneath, and on one tiny bough sat a robin swinging himself to and fro, singing a merry song. So loud and clear swelled the notes of his harmony upon the air, that, borne by the gentle breezes, they entered the open windows of the cottage and reached the hearing of its occupant. Very sweetly those joyous strains fell upon widow Marvyn's ear as she stood within her little room gazing without, for the bird's song seemed to her the glad forerunner of some happy tidings.

Widow Marvyn was a stranger in Brookside. She had come to the village very mysteriously, and no one had yet been able to discover who she was or from whence she had come. But all who gazed upon her queenly form felt confident that she was a person of distinction. She had always treated those that called at her cottage with true politeness, but her person and manners so awed the simple people of Brookside, many of whom had never been further than the next town, that they never called again; and as she refused to join in their village sports, they gave her the name of being "a very proud woman." Little did these honest people think that it was the aching of a broken heart, and not pride, that made her shun all human beings, for Mrs. Marvyn's life had been one of peculiar trial and affliction.

Mrs. Marvyn was the only daughter of Major Canning, a wealthy Englishman, who had come to America with his family, and settled in the northern part of the State of Connecticut. She had a brother a few years older than herself, to whom she was deeply attached. Major Canning's residence was a pleasant one, for he had taken every pains to make it so, and his family spent many happy hours within its walls. But this happiness was not to last forever, for Death entered the family circle, and laid his icy fingers upon Major Canning and his wife.

Mrs. Marvyn, thus deprived of her parents, went to reside in Boston with a friend, while her brother Albert went on a voyage to England. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War he returned, his sister having in the mean time married Captain Marvyn. Through his influence Albert Canning succeeded in gaining a situation under General Washington, and he

then went forth to fight for his country's independence.

During the battle of Princeton Captain Marvyn was mortally wounded, and when upon the battle-field he breathed his life away, he prayed Albert to take good care of his family. But Albert Canning was a wild, reckless young man; he had spent most of his fortune during his stay in England, and on the death of his brother-in-law, he contrived to get the greater part of his sister's property into his own hands. When he succeeded in doing this, he left for parts unknown, leaving Mrs. Marvyn with a small sum, barely sufficient to support herself and child.

It was not so much the grief she felt in leaving her home of luxury for a small cottage in an obscure village, that made Mrs. Marvyn's life so miserable; but it was the thought that her only brother should be guilty of such gross wickedness. It was this that broke Mrs. Marvyn's heart.

The robin had ceased its song, and Mrs. Marvyn turned from the window. Just then the sound was heard of little feet upon the gravel walk, and in another moment Alice came bounding into the room. Her face was wreathed in smiles, and with childish earnestness she told of her little adventure at the post-office, and then giving the letter a toss into her mother's lap, she skipped out of the house into the garden among the bright flowers, leaving the echo of her merry laughter behind her.

Mrs. Marvyn took up the letter, but she no sooner gazed upon the envelope than her face became very pale, and her hands trembled. She knew that handwriting. *It was her brother's!*

With a heart full of emotion she broke the seal, and with eagerness read its contents. Then the letter fell from her hands and she burst into tears. But they were tears of joy, and not of grief, for her brother wrote to beg her forgiveness for the great wrong he had done her, and to entreat her to come to him. He had been severely punished for all his crimes, for disease had overtaken him in his course of prosperity. He felt his great wickedness, and longed to have that sister who had ever loved him beside him, to comfort him in this his affliction. He had bought back the old family mansion, and he entreated her to forgive him, promising, if she would only come to him, that he would restore to her her entire property.

The daylight faded from the earth, the sun sank behind the western hills upon its couch of gold, and the silver moon rose high within the vault of heaven; but in all the world that night its soft beams fell round no happier home than widow Marvyn's little white cottage.

### OUR COUNTRY'S BANNER.

INSCRIBED TO OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

O SOLDIERS on the battle-plain!

How pure and high the hope that leads you,  
As firmly gazing on our slain,

You think yet more your country needs you!  
How strength, deep-bedded in your hearts,

That might have lain unknown forever,

Swift into mighty being starts,

And stirs you to each great endeavor!

O blood-red stripes! O golden stars!

O glorious flag that floats above you!

Its truth shall lead you through these wars,

And teach all human hearts to love you.

This land of ours so calmly lay,

Its agriculture, arts and science

Swept on, unheeding of a day

When God should claim our first reliance.

But, ah! the deep volcano burst

And scattered wide its dreadful thunder;

And brother then his brother cursed,

And filled a sorrowing world with wonder.

O blood-red stripes! O golden stars!

O glorious flag that floats above you!

Its truth shall lead you through these wars,

And teach all human hearts to love you.

Then out you came with sword and flame,

With arms so strong and hearts reliant,

And trusting God's eternal name,

Fought for the Truth with front defiant

Your motto, "God will aid the Right!"

Your watchword, "Union!" now, forever!

You boldly dared the bloody fight,

Determined to be conquered never.

O blood-red stripes! O golden stars!

O glorious flag that floats above you!

Its truth shall lead you through these wars,

And teach all human hearts to love you.

Go on, go on! Our God will see,

Though man should not, each deed of valor;

And though your earthly need may be

A brow where Death shall spread his pallor,

In distant homes and distant times,

Each name shall live, a household story;

And, told in tales and sung in rhymes,

Shall stir young hearts to deeds of glory.

O blood-red stripes! O golden stars!

O glorious flag that floats above you!

Its truth shall lead you through these wars,

And teach all human hearts to love you.

### GOD WITH THE TOILING.

BY MARY C. PECK.

ARE your hands too white for soiling?

Of the common herd afraid?

God's right hand is with the toiling,

All are equal he hath made.

## BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. B. F. TRUFF, D. D.

## NIGHT THE TENTH.

PARADISE, as it seems to me, would have been an unfinished place without a river. Its soil may have been rich, its landscapes may have spread out according to one's utmost taste, its trees, fruits, and flowers may have charmed the beholder with their beauty, but without a running stream it could scarcely have been a paradise.

I am in love with rivers. I love to look back on the history of the Nile, of the Euphrates, of the Tiber, and see what proud cities have stood upon the banks, and what wonderful deeds have made their names illustrious in the annals of the world. Great deeds, in fact, have clothed some of the smallest rivers with immortality. The Granicus, the Illissus, the Cephissus are streams of very inferior volume, which run nearly dry in Summer; but how eagerly the classic traveler searches for the nearly-extinct current, and swells with emotion as he sets his feet upon the bank and says, "Here the Greeks fought such a battle against the hosts of Persia, and here how they struggled for the cause of universal liberty!"

Our own country, reader, has rivers of such length and breadth as to make most others seem like brooklets; and we are now marking them with a history which will be read with admiration, with astonishment by the latest generations. But before me is a river which, though of moderate dimensions, may be classed at present as the first in importance among the rivers of the globe. Here is the Thames, known in history since the days of Julius Cæsar, and used as a highway of war and traffic by those native tribes which inhabited the country from the earliest ages. Here the boats of Brit and Belg have been pushed along by wooden oars, and here the Warrior, the Black Prince, and the royal navy of the first naval power of the world have rode in their highest grandeur. How can we look upon this comparatively-small stream without a rush of those glorious recollections which make it the most interesting river known to man?

It has always been a favorite exercise with me to trace a river or any stream from its mouth upward to the fountain-head. When a boy I followed Lewis and Clarke in their marvelous adventures while tracing the Missouri from the banks of the Mississippi to the spot where the original current bursts from a fissure within the

side of the Rocky Mountains. In subsequent years I took a similar pleasure in following the Mississippi itself, under the guidance of other discoverers, from its many-mouthed *debouché* into the Mexican Gulf to that beautiful Itasca where its crystalline waters are first collected. Still later in life, and with, perhaps, a livelier satisfaction, I traced the entire length of the little Saco, and that on horseback, from where a navy might ride upon its bosom to that quiet nook at the foot of Mount Washington where the river starts from the spring from which the servant of Mrs. Thomas Crawford then filled her morning tea-kettle!

So would I like to do with the Thames. How gladly would I take boat upon its surface, or a carriage upon its banks, and wind my way along from London to Westminster, from Westminster to Battersea, and so from Battersea to Hammersmith, to Brentford, to Richmond, Kingston, Staines, Windsor, Henley, Dorchester, and Oxford, and upward along to that interesting spot near Cheltenham where this illustrious river bubbles from a solitary spring among the Cotswold hills. But it must not be so now. Another day, reader, you and I may return and look upon old Tamesis again. At this present our faces are set downward. We have an eastward voyage to make of a thousand English miles before Winter shall render all such trips dangerous, if not impossible. Here is the little steamer, known as the *Gustaf Wasa*, named after the most famous of the old kings of Sweden, and we have already taken passage in it for our destination.

II. This getting on board, however, is a most curious thing in London. In our own country, when about to take to the sea, we ride down to the water's edge and step on deck without difficulty. Here we ride to the water's edge, then we have our boxes and trunks laid down upon the pavement, and we suppose the next thing is to call for the ship's porter to have our movables put on board.

"But where is the steamer?"

"There is no steamer here, sir."

"But where is the *Gustaf Wasa* that takes passengers to Gottenburg in Sweden?"

"O, the *Gustiff* is off in the stream there. She never comes to land, sir."

"But how are we to get there with all this baggage?"

"You must be carried in a boat, sir. You can hire any of these river men to take you there."

So here we are to make a little voyage of at least a mile in order to form a connection with the greater one. And this short voyage gives

us more trouble than the longer. First, the boat is wet and dirty, and we must stand here in the rain till it is washed and rinsed. Then we wait for the goods to be lugged aboard the skiff. Then mats to sit on must be ordered to make even a short ride comfortable. Now we are pulled away nearly to the Surrey side of the river through a tangled mesh of shipping with scarcely a loop-hole left through which to look for a passage for our bobbing little craft, and several times are brought nearer to being shipwrecked by passing steamers than we had been by all impediments and dangers on our way over the Atlantic. When arrived near our vessel it is so surrounded and blockaded by all sorts of water vehicles, the most of them unloading into the *Gustaf*, that we are just one hour in getting our feet on deck, and two hours in making a way for our luggage, after we could touch the sides of the ship with our umbrellas. But our perseverance at last conquers, and at two o'clock in the afternoon we have completed an enterprise begun immediately after breakfast. In our free and glorious country this business would have cost us in time as many minutes as it would require to ride from our hotel to the wharf, where the ship's porters would have been ready to receive our baggage and in money the precise tariff of the ride in question. Here in old England it costs us half a day and more in time and about five gold dollars, in addition to the carriage hire, for precisely the same operation. We talk about our Yankee sharpness, but there is no people on earth who can rob a traveler so coolly and cut the purse strings so completely as these English Yankees.

III. But what of this little Scandinavian steamer, in which we are to make a voyage down this memorable river, and then over an ocean as celebrated for the feats of enterprise and of daring done upon it as any equal space of water on the earth's surface? Let us see. They advertise it as a steamer of six hundred tons burden; but this is only to get passengers, and not to pay anchorage for at the custom-house. The advertisement is kindred to another, which this steamer and the *Harlequin*, its rival, have kept flying at their mast-heads, in all the London newspapers for a fortnight, that "to-morrow" they leave London bridge for Sweden! That one word *to-morrow* cost me just two hundred dollars at the hotels of London; but I learned at last that if a gentleman wishes to know the market value of a man's word and of the honor of a whole company, he must leave the region of our western rivers, and abandon the Erie Canal, and read no more of

American nautical advertisements, of which Americans have sometimes seriously complained, and come here and shake hands for a fortnight with these English steamboat jockeys. The lesson was learned, however, in my case before the day of our departure. After half a dozen disappointments I went from the steamer's city office to the vessel itself, intending to learn, if possible, of the master of the ship the day and hour of starting.

"I perceive," said I, on shaking the captain's hand, "that you are again advertised to start *to-morrow*."

"Yes, sir," replied the honest Swede; "but it makes me indignant every time I read that English advertisement in the *Times*."

"But when *will* you leave here, captain," said I.

"In about one week," he answered promptly, like the truly-honest man I subsequently found him; and so I remained another week in London, when I could have gone by the Hull steamers, that I might ride with an honest captain.

Before going on board these London truth-tellers had tried to hurry me off, as if I might be crowded out of my state-room by the press of passengers; but I had learned to place no reliance in them, and when I reached the steamer I related the circumstance to the captain, who told me that those gentlemen well knew that my family and a solitary other passenger were all he had to carry. He was again angry at their duplicity, and he said he had often told them that he believed truth and honesty would make the most money for them. But that doctrine, I was prepared to tell him, would be the last one received or even comprehended within the precincts of that wretchedly-mendacious city called London.

So I liked the captain for his truthfulness, and I was pleased with him ever after for his kindness of heart and for his constant attention to our comfort. The steamer, when taken out of the English newspapers and set upon the element it had to work on, was really but an exceedingly-small affair, about half the size of its rival, the *Harlequin*, but as snug and taught a little craft as ever sat on water. It was built after the Swedish fashion, the frame of wood being overlaid, inside and outside, with a coating of thin but tough Swedish iron. The hull was rather sharp, like a clipper, while the stern was round and full, giving ample space for the cabins. Though rigged with masts and sails, its dependence was mainly on its engine, which I found to be decidedly well made and powerful. This, then, was to be our abode for

several days and nights while passing down the most interesting of the world's rivers and over an ocean, though once the theater of the old vikings, afterward of the Danish conquerors of England, and last of all, of the far-famed Baltic pirates, now only the common thoroughfare of commerce for all Northern Europe.

IV. The first night, then, we slept upon the bosom of the Thames, while a score of men were handing aboard the lighter articles of freight. Before taking to our state-rooms, however, we enjoyed a long and most interesting evening in the middle of the river, whence we had splendid views of the city on either side. Nearest to us, on our right as we looked toward London bridge, was the old Tower, where the antiquities of England are kept in state. A little higher up there stood the lofty column which marks the origin of the great London fire. Further still, in the same direction, the dome of St. Paul's lifts itself nearly to the overhanging clouds, which, now broken and driven by a high November wind, sends the light of the flying moon down on domes, and towers, and monuments, and the slant roofs of houses as far as the eye can reach. The bridges of the great river are ablaze with gas-lights, and yet more brilliant in the beams of the lofty moon. The Surrey side of the city can be seen for miles along the shore, and its myriads of street-lamps cover it with a crown of light which the full moon itself can neither dissipate nor render dim. But the river is alive with gliding lights and the dancing moonbeams. We can see even through the leafless forest of masts far down the bosom of the stream, and then upward through the arches of the oldest of these many bridges, and behold this endless fairy scene enacted upon the sparkling water. And this is the Thames within sight of old London bridge, and here is the world's emporium, the largest and most famous city of the globe, on either side of us.

V. It is now morning. We have spent our first and only night upon the Thames. Three hours ago the report came to us that our little vessel had weighed anchor and was on her way to Sweden. But who cares for such a subject so early in the morning? It is now but barely eight o'clock, and there is a world of reflections we must revolve in our brains before we can think of dissipating their charms by facing the common world of monotonous realities. My wise father used to tell me, I know, with much emphasis of repetition, that it is the "early bird that catches the worm;" but even when a boy I was accustomed to confound such logic with the equally-just maxim, as I thought, that

it is the early worm that is in the habit of getting caught. I know it is not poetical to speak thus of early rising, but it is at least as honest as Cowper's or Thomson's lines upon this famous topic, for it is well known that, with all their *eulogia*, the one always took his breakfast before getting out of bed, while the other used to get into bed and then throw his slippers at the candle to put it out! Instead of praising what I do not practice, reader, I tell you frankly that I kept to my snug little state-room for hours after being informed that we were at last in motion. All the rest of my company were up and getting glorious views of the departing city; but as for me I had seen enough of London, and I preferred to lie there upon my comfortable bed and think of all the things I had seen since landing on the shores of England. I thought at last of the dear land I had left behind me, and of the cause of struggling liberty, now asserting its supremacy over the remains of European barbarism. I thought of the Providential origin of my country, and of the Divine pledge contained therein, that Providence would not desert it in its last extremity. I thought of the country from which my own had sprung, of the manner in which our fathers had been ejected from the kingdom, of the attempts afterward made to oppress and then to subjugate us, and of the haughty bearing of this aristocratic nation till we became too mighty for the brooking of further insults. I thought then of the English attempt to divide and thus to weaken us, so that England's policy might rule both parts by pitting them against each other, by which she would make herself at our cost the mistress of our destinies. I thought of her boasted antislavery policy, and compared it with her recent acts of sympathy with a pro-slavery rebellion, of her bigoted assumption of being the first of religious nations, which I also laid by the side of her efforts to succor and sustain the most stupendous wickedness of modern history, and of her vaunted neutrality while she was fitting and sending out piratical armed vessels to prey upon our peaceful commerce, and doing every other thing possible to an artful ministry to render impossible the restoration of liberty and union to my distracted country. Having come to this point in my ruminations, my bed, my state-room, the very cabin became suddenly too small for me. My heart, my whole frame expanded with indignation, and in a few moments I was out on deck, telling the very winds that swept upward to bear my contempt of a Government guilty of such conduct!

VI. But this old river, reader, is not to be

blamed for this miserable behavior of its owners, and these green, flowery banks, sloping to the water's edge to show us the perfection of landscape gardening, are not to be taxed with this national unkindness. An English country seat, such as we behold all along our winding course, is an achievement of art equal to the most classic specimens of the brush or chisel. Painting, it is true, may give us the highest conceptions of an artist who has no limits to circumscribe or weaken his attempts but the possibilities of his colors, and thus the unrealized perfections of the fancy may be drawn out to the wonder of our imaginations; but after having seen and studied some of the masterpieces of European genius as exhibited in the great art collections of the world's metropolis, it seems to me that the actual scenes, these real tableaux, these living landscapes, held up to a passenger down the Thames, are as finished as any thing ever executed by the hand of art. I am not certain that the proprietors of these scores of Edens are a happy or even a contented population. I know not but the voyagers along this stream, for whose eye these landscapes appear to have been finished up, take more satisfaction of them than their lordly owners, for I have long since learned to dissociate wealth and happiness; but with purity of heart and a noble, generous, loving life, such as is possible to all these great gentlemen, I have seen no place on earth combining more of the elements of domestic bliss than these enchanting rural residences, in Essex and in Kent, along the winding and widening current of this celebrated stream.

VII. It is a curious fact, however, that London should have been built so far up the river, that it is best defended by the shallowness of the current. I have mentioned the inferior dimensions of our little vessel, but, small and light as it was, it scraped the bottom of the river every few minutes for at least two English miles. Then we came to deeper water, where ships of the first class can ride in safety if they are only careful to keep the channel, and from Gravesend to the sea the river is so full of sand-bars and shoals that our experienced captain, as well as his more experienced pilots, were often puzzled to know what next to do. We had ample time thus given us for observation. We noted all the turns of the exceedingly-crooked river. We marked the shore on either side. We looked upon the fortifications set up along the shore for the protection of this passage-way to the nation's capital. We saw the population riding and walking on the green and well-shaded banks. We beheld the great highways, broad and perfectly paved, running

parallel with the descending river, and with yet greater interest of the fancy those numerous smaller roads and foot-paths starting at right angles to the great thoroughfares, and winding off—the imagination being left to tell us how and where—into the unvisited and unknown interior of the country. But we could picture to ourselves without difficulty the farms, and orchards, and hamlets, and little rural towns, as well as the baronial palaces and mighty demesnes of the great and wealthy, which, as we are informed in the *Deserted Village*, are constantly encroaching upon the homes, and occupations, and rights of the humbler and better classes. Some one of these many roads, I know not which, runs off through the country to the Summer residence of Lord Palmerston. The old lord, as we have seen, has a house in London; but he is said to disrelish town life, and his delight in the scenes and labors of the country, where he gets the fresh air, and perhaps feels the influence of rural habits, has, doubtless, contributed materially to that green old age and that vigor of intellect for which he has long been remarkable. But I have no great admiration of his lordship. He is the incarnation, it is admitted, of the entire policy of England, and this is the fact which has given him so firm a hold upon the confidence of the great majority of his countrymen. But his single idea is, without a solitary qualification, to serve the financial interests of the British nation. He can not be said to be a man of low principles or of bad principles, for, as a statesman, he has no principles at all. His principles, at least, are those attributed by John Randolph to one of his opponents in Congress—the “five barley loaves and two small fishes”—not that the Premier is selfish on his own account, but that he governs England upon the sole condition of her own material advancement; and in this policy he is sustained by almost the whole body of the nobility as well as by that subservient class among the gentry whose ambition for noble recognition is their leading trait of character. Societies of rational gentlemen and distinguished individuals, who have not consented to merge all other ideas into the single one of national money-making, may remind his lordship of such things as philanthropy, religion, morality, consistency, and national justice, as they have done during the great pro-slavery rebellion in America; and the statesman will smile upon his constituents, and, with a gracious bow, inform them that these are just the ideas he is contending for, because he can make them contribute to the power and wealth of England. This reply generally gives

satisfaction; for the nation, as a nation, is controlled entirely by this one ambition. With exceptions, of course, such as will exist to any general statement respecting any country, Englishmen have before them only the three words—*bread* for the laboring classes, *wealth* for the capitalists, and *dominion* over all the world for the great, selfish, arrogant Anglo-Saxon nation—all of which words, and the ideas represented by them, are brought down by the *reductio ad ultimum*, as any one may see, to the single word—*MONEY*.

VIII. But we now enter, through one of the numerous channels of the Thames, the great German Ocean, or, as it is more generally denominated in our day, the North Sea. We are yet surrounded, however, by dangerous sand-banks and shoals; and were it not for these, I can see no reason why the Thames might not be easily entered by a small but energetic iron-clad fleet, such as now constitutes the best part of the American navy—nor why such a fleet might not pass up the river, without serious difficulty, to the capture of the English metropolis. It is well known that Napoleon had such an enterprise in view before his final fall; but he proposed to pass the fortifications in wooden vessels, which might have been an impossible attempt, or to land a force on the shore of the English Channel, which certainly promised better success; but I think ten or fifteen iron-clads, with the support of a few smaller men-of-war, could run up this stream to London in spite of all the forts I have seen along these banks of Thames. There is no high ground, as on the rivers approaching Richmond, in Virginia, above the range of ordinary gun-boats; nor do I believe there is a single ship-of-the-line of the British navy that could stand before such an iron-covered armada as our country might now easily send to the subjugation of this river. Perhaps the enterprise may never be demanded. Perhaps England may so behave as just to provoke our newspapers, but not to awaken the resentment of the nation. Should her prudence not be so great, the time may come when London will have to be entered by an American fleet; and should that moment ever arrive, with suitable pilots, and with a sudden preparation, I firmly believe the undertaking would be easier than many things we have already accomplished since the commencement of the great rebellion.

The channels of this river, however, constitute a department of nautical science in this country, and no nation is permitted to share the knowledge of it with the pilots of Great Britain. Every vessel entering the river must employ a pilot, and that pilot must be a British-born subject. Nor will one pilot answer the demands for

entering or leaving the Thames. On going down, for example, you must take a pilot in London, who goes with you to Gravesend, or that vicinity; and then you take another, who conducts your vessel to the ocean. No one man, therefore, may know the whole river; and in case of an invasion, it would be necessary that each vessel should employ two English pilots. This would be an embarrassment, and might be an impossibility. Perhaps the time may arrive when it would be prudent for our Government to send men to acquire, that they might be able to impart, the needful information on this subject. It is possible, however, that the British greed of money would be ample for any emergency of this character.

But the great Sea of the North now rolls his blue waves around our vessel; our English pilot has been discharged; our prow is set toward the southern extremity of Sweden, and a new application of steam to the faithful little screw gives us a sudden jump forward as we strike out into this celebrated ocean.

IX. This German Ocean has a surface of about two hundred thousand square miles; it touches the shores of Britain, Norway, Denmark, Prussia, Belgium, and Holland; it receives into its bosom nearly all the rivers of Northern Europe; and by means of these rivers, and by a system of railroads recently completed, it communicates with all the great European capitals. In the earliest times the Mediterranean was the great theater of nations, by which they were all brought into family relationship, and on which they learned by practice the science of navigation. What the Mediterranean was to antiquity, the German Ocean has been to the nations of modern history. Its peculiar structure, and the dangers of its winds, and sand-bars, and rocky coasts, constitute it a better school for the instruction of seamen than its illustrious predecessor. It is divided into two nearly-equal parts by what is called the Dogger Bank; and its tides, running from north to south, are greatly increased by high winds blowing in the same direction. So resistless are the volumes of water thus rolled against the German coast, that its harbors require the most massive protections to make them safe; and, on some occasions, they have swept away all barriers, and even effected geographical alterations within the contiguous countries. In 1634 an island on the coast of Denmark was carried away and buried in deep water; and at a still earlier period, in the thirteenth century, according to the traditions and even history of Holland, the Zuyder Zee, a lake of no mean importance, was created by a furious irruption of this stormy and dangerous sea.

We have a saying in America, that a man is a sailor if he has doubled Cape Horn. Here, in Europe, the maxim is, that you know nothing of navigation till you have crossed the German Ocean; and we find it, in our present voyage, quite equal to its reputation. The winds of November are blowing, as my lord Shakspeare would say, "at the top of their bent." The seas are short, snappish, and utterly unmanageable. To the long and regularly-succeeding swells of the Atlantic a landsman can finally get so accustomed, as to calculate their time and force, and so prepare himself to meet them. Here you have no time for calculations; for while you would begin to calculate, you are turned upside down, rolled over, and then pitched headlong into an attitude never thought of, and past description. If you have brought any thing with you under your vest pockets, you must now render up all without a moment's hesitation. You stagger about for your state-room; you get yourself tucked into bed, and there you lie, caring little whether you ever get ashore, but willing to square accounts with this German seasickness in any way that will bring it to the speediest termination. Two days and a half you are kept in this miserable condition, eating and drinking nothing, but all the while laboring to empty yourself of something that is no longer in you; and on the third night after entering the Skagerrack, you begin to see the lights on the coast of Denmark.

Now you imagine, as the land has appeared in sight, that your troubles are all over; but your experience soon removes this delusion. From Denmark you must pass over the Cattegat; and if there is any body of water worse than all others to ride upon, it must be this tumbling, raging, uproarious channel running between Denmark and Sweden. On his last voyage to England, our captain was blown out of this channel five times before he could make headway over it; and he lost one of his masts and much of his rigging, besides receiving other damage, in endeavoring to resist the fury of winds, waves, tides and natural current, which were all combined against him. Now, however, we have two of these forces for, and two against us; and there is thus caused such a conflict and war of elements, that we simply resign ourselves to our fate, and wait till we shall see the end of the prodigious hubbub.

PRIDE is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil; whereas, vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good humor.

### THE MUSIC OF SPRING.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

THE sounds that harmoniously float  
On the tuneful breezes of Spring,  
Are sweet as the notes of the lute,  
Or the harp of Æolian string.  
When the mists that hung heavy and chill  
From the beautiful landscape had fled,  
I walked to a murmuring rill,  
And gazed on its pebbly bed.  
Aroused from its wintry repose,  
How sweet was the song that it sung!  
And sweeter and sweeter it rose  
As I traced its green windings along  
To a spot where the cowslips of gold  
Hung over their mirror-like bed,  
Where the violet's blue blossoms unfold,  
All bright with the spray-drops it shed.

### FALLING LEAVES.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

OUT in the woodland's shadowy aisles,  
Where squirrels are merrily hopping,  
All of this sad Autumnal day,  
The faded leaves are dropping.  
Scarlet and amber, gold and brown,  
One by one they are rustling down.  
Out in the dim, old woods to-day,  
The breeze is wandering slowly,  
Pausing to watch the bright leaves drop  
Down on their couches lowly.  
Breaking forth in a mournful sigh,  
Alas! how soon the beautiful die!  
Out of the clouds, the cold, gray clouds,  
The radiant sun is peeping,  
Catching the wail of the sorrowful winds,  
Over the bright leaves sleeping.  
Breathing out in a cheerful strain,  
The leaves with the Summer will come again.  
Out from our hands, and hearts, and homes,  
Our beautiful hopes are going,  
And over the spot they brightened and bloomed,  
Bleak, sorrowful winds are blowing.  
Of purple, and amber, and golden hue,  
One by one they fade from our view.  
Out from the clouds, the mists, the gloom,  
Faith's radiant face is shining;  
Whispering, O stricken heart, forget  
Your weary, ceaseless pining!  
Know ye not, on yon fadeless shore,  
Ye will clasp your loved, lost hopes once more?

### COMPASSION.

MAN may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
But God will never. COWPER.

**NELLIE DAY;  
OR, THE SELF-IMPOSED CROSS.**

BY CAROLINE A. CONKLING.

WHILE visiting a friend I one day looked over a collection of old miniatures. Among the faces were some I had once loved, now parted by long, weary leagues of hill and dale, and still wearier leagues of years; and some, alas! by the fathomless ocean, whose waves dash dark and chilling on the hither side against death-beds, but on the thither shore lave lovingly the land where "God shall wipe away all tears." Many were strangers to me, and as I looked at them, I wondered what thorns our Father had strewn in their life-path, causing the bleeding feet to long for "green pastures" and "still waters," and what flowers had bloomed beside them, to teach in withering of the home where there comes no blight.

"Who is this?" I asked, as a laughing face looked up at me from a mass of curls, like sunbeams bursting through a cloud.

"Nellie Day. She was a schoolmate of mine."

"Do you still keep up an acquaintance? I am anxious to know how so cheerful a spirit as hers seems to be has borne the crosses of life."

"Ah, those 'crosses of life,' as you call them, how often we place them on our own shoulders! I think God pities us for making them so heavy."

"What! Do you not believe all trials come from him?"

"It seems to me that the most of them are of our own making, or are caused by misconduct of friends. When God scourges it is like being purified by fire. Thanks to his boundless mercy he does not often put us in the crucible, but allows us to perfect each other by the little thorns we daily thrust into the tender flesh of ourselves and others, the sting of which only his dear hand can extricate. Nellie's life was a good illustration of this."

"Was! Is she dead so soon? I should have said that such a face would bravely bear 'the heat and burden of the day.'"

"And yet she made for herself so heavy a cross that its weight crushed her while yet it was early morning. She was my room-mate at Poplar Seminary. A merrier, happier-hearted creature you never saw than she was at sixteen. The first thing in the morning and the last at night that greeted the drowsy ear, was her sweet-singing voice, that sounded as if the joy in her heart bubbled up to her lips and broke there in song. Melody burst from no robin's throat more spontaneously than from hers. I

have known her when asked a question during recitation to half-chant, half-sing the reply, not aware of the impropriety committed till the teacher's frown and the suppressed titter of the girls warned her of it; then smiling and blushing she would beg pardon in such a winning way that the strictest were willing to forgive. So accustomed were we to calling her the Lark, that, had she been spoken of to a school-girl as Nellie, she would have paused a moment to wonder who Nellie was. No one was so constantly getting into scrapes; but her faults being such as are produced by an excess of vitality never met severe reprimands. A universal favorite, the teachers loved her, and the girls, to use a boarding-school phrase, 'perfectly adored' her. Even crabbed old Letart, our French teacher, who had never a kind word for any one, was less snappish with her, and was sometimes seen to smile behind his wrinkled hand at her merry sallies. Was any one sick and lonely, she would stay from the pleasantest walk or ride to read or fan away the flies while the invalid took a good long nap, undisturbed by the bites of these hateful little creatures. Was there among the scholars a poor girl who must stay from reception or picnic because her only muslin was old and faded, she was sure to find material for a pretty, though inexpensive dress spread out on her bed, as she returned from recitation, and Nellie went without some dainty trinket on which, only a day or two before, her heart had been set. The little girls knew they had a champion in her, and the large ones dreaded the exposure of their petty meannesses—if they had been guilty of any—to her, more than to have it come to the teachers' knowledge. So she passed through her school-days, blessing and being blessed; for every good deed descends again in invigorating dew upon the heart from which it emanates.

"Mr. Day's first wife was the mother of Nellie. Soon after the birth of her child she ran off with a foreign count, and ended her days in wretchedness. The desertion of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, seemed to change the whole nature of Mr. Day, changing his genial heart into a cold, stern one. Shortly after his second marriage he lost every thing in an unfortunate Western speculation, that whirlpool into which so many fortunes have been drawn. Mr. Sinclare, an old college friend, assisted him in meeting all liabilities; so his honest name was saved, though every thing else went. He never tried to rebuild his fortune, but contented himself with a book-keeper's liberal salary, which gave his family all necessary comforts. Mr. Sinclare's kindness furnished

many luxuries. It was to him that Nellie owed her education. He liberally cared for all her wants, and in return she gave him a daughter's love.

"It was drawing near the close of the last term of our school-days, for we were to graduate and enter upon young-lady life, to which we looked eagerly forward, when a cloud began to darken Nellie's bright face. She was less confidential with me, talked no more of the rose-tinted future, and only answered with a sigh when I spoke of it. I noticed the shadow on her face grew heavier each time she received one of Mr. Sinclair's letters, and that they remained unopened till an answer could no longer be delayed.

"We stood one bright afternoon by an open window, when suddenly a troop of thunder-clouds hurried up the sky and hung a pall over the face of the sun. All the blue vault was blackened with their monstrous heads. Geese flew scared and screaming through the village street; hens, clucking loudly, huddled their brood under sheltering wings; cows sought the protection of sheds; the wind sprung up and whistled a fierce bravado; and shrub and tree, both great and small, turned out the white side of their leaves, in vain offering a truce-flag to the vindictive storm. There was an angry flash, then a long, pealing clangor, as the thunder was thrown like a mighty football from hill to hill. In affright I darted from the window and threw myself upon the bed, which I had been told was the safest place during a thunder-storm, begging Nellie to follow me, but she did not move. As another cloud, reft by a fiery sword, bellowed aloud in agony, I thrust my head under a pillow and thought of nothing but lightning-blasted trees and lightning-blackened corpses. I had not then learned to repose in hours of danger on the arm of God, quietly as a child sleeps on its mother's bosom, though the house is burning around them. When the storm had rushed past and only its hoarse mutter could be heard in the distance, I ventured to look up. The sun came out and kissed the weeping earth; it wiped the dew-drops from the flowers and strung them into a bow of promise; it shone yellow and warm on tree and blossom, but yellower, and brighter, and more lovingly than on aught else, it seemed to rest on Nellie, who stood by the window in the same attitude as when the first flash came. The pallor of her face startled me.

"'Nellie,' I cried, 'what is the matter? Are you sick?'

"In the play-ground were two trees growing side by side, an old oak and a graceful young elm.

This elm was Nellie's favorite. Many a dull lesson she had learned sitting in its cool shade, and many a twilight hour we had spent listening to the murmur of its leaves. Strange! It had been shivered by lightning, while its tall companion was unharmed. She answered my questions by pointing to this tree.

"'Did you see it struck? How could you stand here after that?'

"'Hush, hush! I knew my time had not come. I am not yet growing by the old tree. When you see eighteen in the arms of forty, then look for the lightning. It is a warning, a warning.' She shivered violently, though never removing her eyes from the blasted elm.

"Her strange words alarmed me. I thought she had suddenly gone mad, and ran in affright for one of the teachers. On returning we found her quietly searching for something in her writing-desk. Much chagrined with myself, I promptly answered the call of the teabell. Nellie's chair was vacant during the meal. I noticed this with uneasiness, and hurried to our room as soon as dismissed from the dining-hall. She was bitterly weeping over an open letter as I entered. A school-girl's heart is an April day, easily moved to smiles or tears; so kneeling by her side, with one of her nerveless little hands clasped in mine, I too began to cry.

"For a long time not a word passed between us. Suddenly throwing her arms around my neck she sobbed, 'O, Katie, may you never know what trouble is!'

"With an effort I choked back the tears and said, 'Won't you tell me all about it, Nellie? Perhaps I can comfort you.'

"'There is no comfort for me except in the grave. The elm fell to warn me how soon I shall be there. Read this.' She placed the letter in my hand.

"It was a proposal of marriage from Mr. Sinclair. It said that he had always loved her, and for years looked longingly forward to the time when she would be his wife. He thought he had reason to believe his affection was returned. If he had deceived himself he begged her not to hesitate to tell him, as he would not, through any feeling of gratitude she might have, wish her to sacrifice herself for him.

"'Has the knowledge of this love come to you suddenly?' I asked.

"'For the last year he has said many things that, had my eyes been open, I might have known the meaning of. Still I never had the most distant idea that his love for me was more than a father's till within a few months; since then his letters have been so pointed that I could no longer misunderstand them. You do

not know how wretched I have been. I dreaded to open them, lest I should see what at last I have seen in this one. They have lain weeks with an unbroken seal, while I cried myself sick over their unread contents.'

"When you saw what his feelings were why did you not discourage him?"

"How could I pain one to whom I owe so much!" She wrung her hands, and the great tears began again to course down her cheeks.

"It is not necessary for me to ask if you love him?"

"Love him! Suppose you were to discover that your father was not your father, but your future husband, could you love him with any but filial love, do you think?"

"No, I could not. Therefore I would not marry him, especially if he had warned me not to sacrifice my happiness through gratitude to him."

"O, Katie, what troubles me so is the knowledge that the happiness of one *must* be sacrificed. It is an awful thing for a man to live years for one strong hope, seeing all things else fade round him, but that grow brighter and brighter, cheering him through the morning and noon of life, and then as the shades of evening gather, and that is the only light left in the darkening sky, to have it go out. I will not make him so miserable. I will be the one to suffer, and he shall never know the pang it costs to be his wife."

"Remember, you must enter this married life with a lie on your lips. Remember!"

"Do n't say another word if you love me. It is the only course for me to take; do not make the rough road rougher. I will never prove myself ungrateful to the best of benefactors. O, why does God try me so!"

"Suppose, after you are married, Mr. Sinclair discovers that you never loved him, would that be such a return as he could wish for all his kindness? Would he not think you had cruelly wronged him?"

"For a long time she did not answer, but looked thoughtfully out of the window at the elm; at last she said, 'He will never know it. I shall never let him miss the love he thinks is his. Now, Katie, the matter is settled; we will talk of it no more.' Bending down she kissed my forehead with her trembling lips.

"I could not give it up so, but wrestled with her for her own happiness, as did Jacob of old for a blessing. I had a dim perception that she was doing evil that good might come; but not seeing this clearly myself, how could I open another's eyes to it? At last, when

'The stars died out of the heavens,  
And the moon with age grew dim,'

I obtained a promise from her to write her father, telling him all her feelings, and to abide by his judgment, which I had no doubt would be as I wished it. The next day the letter was sent, and sooner than could have been expected came an answer. I remember every cruel word of it. It was this:

*'My Daughter,*—Yours has just come to hand. I am surprised that you should hesitate one moment to grant the only favor ever asked of you by one to whom this whole family, and you especially, owe so much. I should have supposed the strict sense of justice, which I know you to possess, would have at once decided your answer in his favor. You say you do not love him. So much the better. The romantic attachment called *love* brings with it more pain than pleasure. As you have promised to abide by my decision I shall this evening tell him that you are happy to be his wife.  
*YOUR FATHER.'*

"So he thought it *justice* to sacrifice a young girl's heart to his wishes, without one loving word or thought of regret. Because the world had been so rough a place for Mr. Day, I had hoped he would do all in his power to smooth the way for his daughter's tender feet. In my heart I felt that he was cruel. Nellie thought him sternly just and unquestioningly submitted. All the merry light died out of her eyes; her face blanched till she looked like a wax-figure, and yet I think she was more beautiful than ever. When, at the close of school, Mr. Sinclair came to take her home, I know he thought so too. More than once, as I looked at his kind face, I was tempted to tell him all; then remembering that the secret was not mine, honor compelled me to keep silent.

"O, Katie," said Nellie the last night we were together, 'sometimes when he tells me the fear he had lest he, being old, should fail to win the heart of a young girl like me, and the joy it is to be at last sure of my love, I feel guilty as Cain; the blood rushes burningly to my face; he attributes it to a different cause, and I am dearer to him for these blushes of shame; what shall I do?'

"Tell him all. It will be better for both in the end."

"I can not, I can not. Perhaps I might have done so once; now I have gone too far to retract."

"It is never too late to do right."

"She only shook her head and sobbed herself to sleep in my arms.

"Mr. Sinclair, a handsome man, looked much younger than he really was. There were only a few silver sprinkles in his raven hair. His eyes were dark and mild, with a peculiar tender light in them as they looked at Nellie. I never no-

ticed this glance of his without a feeling of pity, and less regret at the course she was taking.

"As I parted from them it was with a brighter hope than usual for the future, that I whispered in her ear, 'You may be happy yet.' A sad smile and two great tears, glistening like diamonds on the long lashes of her eyes, was her only answer.

"Mr. Sinclair spared no expense in preparation for the wedding, which was soon to take place. Gems and costly apparel could not restore the lost joy of the heart. At last he noticed this, and, sitting by her one evening, said, 'Nellie, you are not happy. Tell me truly, what is the reason?'

"Perhaps the truth would have been told had she not seen the distressed look of his face. 'I am very young'—she faltered.

"And I am old,' he said sadly.

"But you are very kind.'

"Kind! Is that all! Nellie, am I deceived? do you not love me?'

"She could not lie with those imploring eyes looking at her. She was mute, but her truthful face told the story her lips refused to speak. There was a convulsive pressure of his arm around her, a kiss on her lips, and she was alone.

"He did not return the next day or the next; then came a note in a strange writing. It was from a physician, requesting Miss Day to come to Mr. Sinclair, who, sick with brain fever, called her incessantly. She went, accompanied by her step-mother, and did not leave him till he could be carried to her father's house. Not a word had passed between them concerning their parting till one day, Mr. Sinclair having been taken into the pleasant garden, Nellie sat near reading to him, when he placed his wasted hand over the new-turned page, saying, 'You have been a very patient little nurse, ought I not to reward you with a present?'

"I am sufficiently rewarded by your recovery.'

"He looked at her searchingly, then said, 'Nevertheless, I give you the dearest treasure I ever had—yourself.'

"Nellie could not answer, as her father approached. Mr. Sinclair looked very weary and leaned heavily against the pillows in his chair. Seeing this Mr. Day had him carried to his room, where for a long time he laid with closed eyes, looking so deathly pale that Nellie thought he must be dying, and she had killed him.

"Some trouble must be weighing upon his mind,' said the physician. 'That is the only way in which I can account for his tardy recovery.'

"I have heard of nothing of the kind,' said Mr. Day, looking sternly at his daughter.

"That evening, as the twilight dressed the world in drab, Nellie softly entered the sick-room, and, kneeling by the invalid's chair, said, 'I have come to give back the present you offered me in the garden.'

"No, child, I can accept of no such sacrifice. I have had a grievous struggle, but it is over now. You are free. I see that I was selfish and you were generous. Forgive the pain I caused you, and the vanity that induced an old man to believe he was loved by a young heart.'

"Suppose it is no sacrifice; suppose it is for my happiness.'

"O, Nellie, do not deceive me this time! I can not bear another disappointment.'

"She kissed his hand while the red blood flushed neck and brow. So she took a heavy cross where God would have given her a light one. Do you not think the kind Father who saw into that tried soul pitied her for doing evil that good might come?'

"Never was there a more dutiful wife than the one who for a year gladdened the home of Mr. Sinclair. God's presence came down and filled the place in her heart where an earthly love might have been, till all who knew her said, 'There is a true Christian.' All this while she had grown beautiful with a spiritual beauty, and imperceptibly life ebbed away. One night she fell sweetly asleep in her husband's arms and awoke on Jesus' bosom. The physicians said she died suddenly of heart disease. They buried her. Snow-wreaths lay white on her grave, and Spring flowers, brightly blue as her eyes once were, smiled above her.

"Not long after her death I was traveling, when a white-haired old gentleman entered the car where I sat, looked closely at me, and passed on, then returned, looked at me again, and extending his hand said, 'Have you forgotten me? I am Mr. Sinclair, the husband of your friend Nellie.' Never have I seen a person so changed in so short a time. He looked as if a whirlwind of sorrow had swept by, tearing all things lovely out of his life. Sitting by me he talked of his dead wife, and of the happy year he spent with her. After her death he found the diary where she had written more touchingly than I have told you the story of the heavy cross she carried.

"She meant well,' he said, while tears, such as only great griefs wring from men's souls, coursed down his cheeks, 'but O for the twelve months of great happiness purchased by her young life, I should spend in repinings all my

remaining years, did I not feel that He who "knows the end from the beginning," suffered it to be so for some wise purpose—perhaps to save her soul and mine. The grave that was once a terror to me is now a place to be desired. Where my Nellie has gone I do not fear to follow. The world has need of earnest workers for the good. I am trying to be one; and though I long for death, I pray God to give me patience to wait his good time.'

"A few days ago I heard of his death, and notwithstanding his usefulness here, am glad God has called him to enjoy 'the recompense of the reward.'

"And now, dear friend, do you understand how we place on our own shoulders crosses 'grievous to be borne'?"

I understood, and having need of the lesson took it to heart.

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**THE PAINTER-BOY IN THE SUNLIGHT  
OF ROYAL FAVOR—SEQUEL OF  
BENJAMIN WEST.**

BY THE EDITOR.

WEST had now attained the very summit of his profession. His transcendent skill was conceded by all, and his fellow-artists looked up to him without jealousy. He seemed secure in the royal favor, and of course this obtained for him the praise and patronage of the great. Among those painted at the royal order were the Death of Epaminondas, the Death of Chevalier Bayard, Cyrus Liberating the Family of the King of Armenia, and Segestus and his daughter brought before Germanicus.

Soon after this a suggestion of West to the king opened to him a series of orders in another line. He expressed regret that the Italian painters had dipped their pencils in the monkish miracles and incredible legends to the almost total neglect of their national history; and the more so as that history, like the history of all other nations, furnished some of the grandest things for the pencil. The remark was not lost upon the king, for orders soon followed for the following national pictures: Edward III Embracing the Black Prince after the Battle of Cressy, The Installation of the Order of the Garter, The Black Prince Receiving the King of France and his Son Prisoners at Poitiers, St. George Vanquishing the Dragon, Queen Philippa Defeating David of Scotland in the Battle of Nevillis Cross, Queen Philippa Interceding with Edward for the Burgesses of Calais, King Edward Forcing the Passage of the Somme, and King Edward Crowning Sir Eus-

tace Bibanmont at Calais. These eight works are very large. Mr. Cunningham says "they were the fruit of long study and much labor. And with the exception of the Death of Wolfe and the Battle of La Hogue, they are the best of all the numerous works of this artist. Their luster is fresh and unfaded, their coloring natural and harmonious. They present a lively image of the times and the people. But they are deficient in strength and variety of character. They seize attention, but are unable to detain it." An interesting incident is related by Mr. Leslie in connection with these paintings. The Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, was called the "finest gentleman in Europe." While making some alterations in Windsor Castle he came to the room containing those noble paintings. What cared he for works of art—for the history of Edward? Just as much as the repudiator himself for his debts. He ordered the pictures to be thrown into a lumber-room. Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was a great admirer of West's historical pictures, had the courage to tell this "finest gentleman" that he could do as he pleased, to be sure, but that there was no artist living who could supply the place of these pictures. The "gentleman," fearing that the giving of the paintings to the rats might be regarded as an evidence of bad taste, recalled his order, and the paintings were saved.

At a later period in the life of George III, when he became wearied with courts, camps, and battles, West suggested to him how historical paintings could be made subservient to the Christian religion. The king, whose admiration for West was unbounded, was pleased with the idea. He projected a splendid oratorio or private chapel, which was to be adorned with these paintings, and the commission was given for their execution. "No subtle divine," says Mr. Cunningham, "ever labored more diligently on controversial texts than did our painter in evolving his pictures out of this grand and awful subject. He divided it into four dispensations—the Antediluvian, the Patriarchal, the Mosaical, and the Prophetical. They contained in all thirty-six subjects, eighteen of which belonged to the Old Testament, the rest to the New. They were all sketched, and twenty-eight were executed, for which West received in all twenty-one thousand, seven hundred and five pounds. A work so varied, so extensive, and so noble in its nature was never before undertaken by any painter." During the progress of these paintings West painted many others of smaller size and less note. Among them were the portraits of the king, the queen, and the young princes and princesses, singly

and in groups, making in all nine pictures. The pay for these nine pictures was two thousand guineas.

On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, West was elected President of the Royal Academy. His inauguration took place on the 24th of March, 1792, on which occasion he delivered an address complimentary to British art. On the subsequent anniversaries he delivered elaborate dissertations upon the principles of painting and sculpture, of embellishments and architecture, on the taste of the ancients, on the errors of the moderns, and upon composition in general. These discourses were much esteemed by the academicians, and were of incalculable benefit to the young artists. Mr. West had lofty conceptions of the destiny of art in England. One of his discourses closes as follows: "That our annual exhibitions, both as to number and taste, ingrafted on nature and the fruit of mental conception, are such that all the combined efforts in art on the continent of Europe in the same line have not been able to equal. To such attainments, were those in power but to bestow the crumbs from the national table to cherish the fine arts, we might pledge ourselves that the genius of Britain would in a few years dispute the prize with the proudest periods of Grecian or Italian art."

His biographer says that he pressed upon his students the value of knowledge and the necessity of study, and the uselessness of both without a corresponding aptitude of mind and buoyancy of imagination. He advised them to give heart and soul wholly to art, to turn aside to neither the right hand nor the left, but consider that hour lost in which a line had not been drawn nor a masterpiece studied. We quote another passage especially to show how wise and practical these discourses were, and how completely removed from that fulsome panegyric that makes up the staple of so many lectures on art: "Observe," he said, "with the same contemplative eye, the landscape, the appearance of trees, figures dispersed around, and their aerial distance as well as lineal forms. Omit not to observe the light and shade in consequence of the sun's rays being intercepted by clouds or other accidents. Let your mind be familiar with the characteristics of the ocean; mark its calm dignity when undisturbed by the winds, and all its various states between that and its terrible sublimity when agitated by the tempest. Sketch with attention its foaming and winding coasts, and that awful line which separates it from the heavens. Replenished with these stores, your imagination will then come forth as a river collected from little springs

spread into might and majesty. If you aspire to excellence in your profession you must, like the industrious bee, survey the whole face of nature and sip the sweet from every flower. When thus enriched, lay up your acquisitions for future use, and examine the great works of art to animate your feelings and to excite your emulation. When you are thus mentally enriched, and your hand practiced to obey the powers of your will, you will then find your pencils or your chisels as magic wands, calling into view creations of your own to adorn your name and country."

Mr. West was not only industrious but systematic. So regular were his hours of labor that to describe one day of his life is to describe how he spent, or rather *used*, his years. "He rose," says Mr. Cunningham, "early, studied before breakfast, began to work on one of his large pictures about ten, and painted with little intermission till four. Then he washed, dressed, and saw visitors, and having dined recommenced his studies anew." Of his habits and life it is further added: "His works were chiefly historical; he dealt with the dead, and the solitude of his gallery was seldom invaded by the rich or the great clamoring for their portraits. Visitors sometimes found their way to his inner study while he had the pencil in hand; he had no wish to show off his skill to the idle, and generally sat as silent and motionless on such occasions as one of his own apostles. His words were few, his manner easy; his Quaker-like sobriety seemed little elevated by intercourse with nobles and waiting gentlewomen. On the Windsor pictures he expended much study, and to render them worthy of their place he 'trimmed the midnight lamp,' as he told the king. So closely was he imprisoned by their composition, that his attendance at the burial of so eminent a brother as Gainsborough was mentioned as something extraordinary." Thus do we obtain an interior view of his life. How suggestive is that view! What lessons might be gathered from it by the young who are emulous of success in the great mission of life!

Leigh Hunt says that "the appearance of West was so gentlemanly that the moment he changed his gown for a coat he seemed to be full dressed. The simplicity and self-possession of the young Quaker, not having time to grow stiff, for he early went to Rome, took up, I suppose, with more ease than most would have done the urbanities of his new position. And what simplicity helped him to favor would retain." While in the height of his success the Quakers of Philadelphia requested West to aid

them in erecting a hospital for the sick of his native town. He told them his circumstances scarcely admitted of his being generous, but he would aid them after his own way and paint them a picture if they would provide a place to receive it in their new building. They were pleased with this, and Christ Healing the Sick was painted for Philadelphia. When exhibited in London the rush to see it was very great; the praise it obtained was high, and the British Institution offered him three thousand guineas for the work. West accepted the offer, for he was far from being rich, but on condition that he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his native place. He did so, and when the copy went to America the profits arising from its exhibition enabled the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building and receive more patients.

During the American Revolution Mr. West remained remarkably reserved in regard to the great question pending between the mother country and his native land. An anecdote is related by Mr. Dunlap, which he received from Prof. Morse, and which is worthy of record in this narrative. Prof. Morse found West one day copying a portrait of the King. "This picture," said the old painter, "is remarkable for one circumstance. The King was sitting to me for it when a messenger brought to him the Declaration of Independence." "How did he receive the news?" "He was agitated at first, then sat silent and thoughtful. At length he said, 'Well, if they can not be happy under my government I hope they may not change it for the worse. I wish them no ill.'" Mr. Dunlap adds: "If such was George III, we find no difficulty in reconciling his attachment to Benjamin West with the American's honest love for his native land." Certain it is that those who succeeded to the Regency, when the mind of the King became clouded, thought Mr. West too liberal in his views to be worthy of State patronage.

This event occurred while West was still busy on the remaining pictures in his series on Revealed Religion. An order was made to discontinue the work, and West was dropped from royal favor. The news flew. Many who had been professedly his warmest friends withdrew their friendship. Others who had been long envious at his fame now made public the venom they had concealed so long. He was assailed in the Academy by an opposition strong in numbers and bold in action. He retired from the presidency, and, indeed, to a great extent, disappeared from the public gaze. To use the beautiful language of Alfieri, "He withdrew

from the torrent of calumny and let it foam angrily against the pillar of his fame."

The triumph of his enemies over him in the Academy was short-lived. The reaction against injustice and calumny was sudden and overwhelming. West was again borne into the presidency by an overwhelming vote. He was every-where revered for his great labors in the promotion of art, for his acknowledged genius, and for the purity of his character. But the royal patronage was gone forever. How numerous are cases of disappointment among those who have waited upon the favor of kings! Mr. Lester says: "The history of artists and scholars abounds in sad and touching incidents, which show how fatal the patronage of the powerful has generally been. The fickleness of royal favor can be illustrated only by the caprice of fortune—long waiting in ante-chambers, cold neglect, cutting sarcasms, dictations, instructions, hope deferred, and then, to crown all, the close of life imbittered with mortifying, biting recollections as the abandoned favorite goes darkling down to the grave. The artist or the scholar who borrows hope from the smiles of men in power will find that his fruit, be its colors never so beautiful, will crumble to ashes when it touches his lips." This was the one false step of Benjamin West. From many of its effects he was saved by the purity of his character and the simplicity of his life. Yet even he stands out as an admonition against putting trust in princes.

Old age was now advancing upon Mr. West, and to add to his calamities his faithful wife, who for more than fifty years had been his kind and tender companion, sunk into the grave. This was in 1817. Mr. West was now seventy-nine years old. He continued to use his pencil, but the fire of his genius was gone, and his hand had lost its cunning. His decay was slow but general. But the genial, loving spirit never forsook him. He delighted to spend hour after hour in his study musing among his favorite pictures, "a breathing image of piety and contentment." His death occurred March 11, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral by the side of Reynolds, Opie, and Barry. The pall was borne by noblemen, ambassadors, and academicians. His two sons and a grandson were the principal mourners. If he had lived long enough to know how vain are the smiles of princes he had also outlived the malice of his enemies. All came alike to honor his memory at the grave.

The following *resumé* of his life, character, and labors, given by one of his biographers, we

think equally happy and just: "He was in person above the middle size, of a fair complexion, and firmly and compactly built. His serene brow betokened command of temper, while his eyes, sparkling and vivacious, promised lively remarks and pointed sayings, in which he by no means abounded. Intercourse with courts and with the world, which changes so many, made no change in his sedate sobriety of sentiment and happy propriety of manner—the results of a devout domestic education. His kindness to young artists was great; his liberality seriously impaired his income; he never seemed weary of giving advice; intrusion never disturbed his temper, nor could the tediousness of the dull ever render him either impatient or peevish. Whatever he knew in art he readily imparted; he was always happy to think that art was advancing, and no mean jealousy of other men's good fortune ever invaded his repose. His vanity was amusing and amiable, and his belief, prominent in every page of the narrative which he dictated to his friend, Mr. Galt, that preaching and prophecy had predestined him to play a great part before mankind and be an example to all posterity, did no one any harm and himself much good.

"His life was long and laborious, and his paintings very numerous. He painted and sketched in oil upward of four hundred pictures, mostly of a historical and religious nature, and he left more than two hundred drawings in his portfolio. No subject seemed too lofty for his pencil. He considered himself worthy to follow the sublimest flights of the prophets, and dared to limn the effulgence of God's glory and the terrors of the day of judgment. The mere list of his works makes us shudder at human presumption—Moses Receiving the Law on Sinai, the Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Savior in the Jordan, the Opening of the Seventh Seal in the Revelation, Saint Michael and his Angels Casting out the Great Dragon, the Mighty Angel with One Foot on Sea the Other on Earth, the Resurrection, and many others of the same class. With such magnificence and sublimity who but a Michael Angelo could cope?

"In his Death on the Pale Horse, and more particularly in the sketch of that picture, he has more than approached the princes and masters of his calling. It is indeed irresistibly fearful to see the triumphant march of the terrific phantom, and the dissolution of all that earth is proud of beneath his tread."

After his death over one hundred of his pictures were placed upon exhibition in a gallery erected by his heirs.

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We must here close our sketch. The interest generally felt by Americans in the character and works of West, his position as the father and pioneer of American artists, together with the fact that to him has been assigned by the concurrent assent of the world of art the first rank as a historical painter—all these have demanded at our hands more than a passing sketch. Then, too, the life and character of West afford to young men one of the best lessons to be found in modern biography.

#### VOICES FROM NATURE.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

#### XXVI.

##### THE SAME STORY THRICE TOLD.

EVERY body knows that the domestic dog outranks the ox, while he is himself outranked by the chimpanzee. Still lower than the ox in rank is that aquatic mammal the whale, which to every judgment seems just on the separating line between mammals and fishes, while higher than the chimpanzee, both in his organization and his intelligence, is the being man. These several forms belong all to the class of mammals, and represent so many orders of that class. Each class of the animal kingdom is composed of different grades of creatures which marks the different orders of which it is composed. There are several different criteria by which we determine the relative rank of animals. Sometimes superiority of rank is denoted by aerial respiration and inferiority by aquatic respiration. In the same way merely aquatic habits—with aerial respiration—show that the affinities are downward. Even the endowment of wings marks a grade below those forms fitted to travel on the surface of the solid earth. Then again a multiplication of similar parts denotes inferiority, as is illustrated by the fact that some of the marsupial quadrupeds of Australia possess fifty-four teeth and some dolphins one hundred and ninety, while the usual number for mammals is not above forty-four. Thus, also, insects have but six legs, while their inferiors, the spiders, have eight, and myriapods an indefinite number. Inferiority is equally diagnosed by an extension of the abdominal or caudal region, or by a conversion of some of the parts about the head to uses which serve the vegetative rather than the animal functions. Thus the elongated serpent is inferior to the abbreviated turtle, and in another class the elongated lobster ranks below the shortened crab.

In each class forms may be selected as ordinal types. In the class of mammals we have *man*, the *monkey*, the *lion*, the *deer*, the *hippopotamus*, and the *whale* as the expressions of so many different ideas in a graduated series. In another class we have *crabs*, *lobsters*, *trilobites*, *lerneans*, and *wheel-animalcules* as a portion of a graduated series of forms expressed under the articulated type. The orders of each class may be regarded as the embodiments of a series of divine conceptions. They constitute a distinct succession of ideas recognizable in a fixed order, as the mind glances over the series of organic beings.

Turn now to those wonderful and mysterious evolutions through which every animal goes in passing from the condition of an egg to that of an adult being. We find here expressed the same successions of ideas as in the gradations of adult animals. We have said that aquatic forms stand below terrestrial—the aquatic fishes below the terrestrial reptiles. Now, the fish-like tadpole is the embryonic condition of the frog, the toad, and the salamander. In the development history of these animals, then, the idea of swimming and breathing water is antecedent to that of walking on land and breathing air, just as the fish and the whale come before the air-breathing mammal in the ascending grades of being. But what is most astonishing is the fact that *all* vertebrates, *even man himself*, exhibit at one stage of their existence an adaptation for the low and fish-like mode of respiration, and by degrees assume the characteristics of higher and higher orders till their destined elevation has been reached, when further development is arrested. It is now a favorite doctrine among embryologists that every higher being in the progress of its development passes in succession through phases which represent the fixed conditions of the several orders below it. The author of the "Vestiges of Creation" has consequently undertaken to show at what period of his existence the embryo man corresponds to the fish—at what to the salamander—at what to the tortoise, the bird, the whale, the quadruped, and the ape. There is danger of pushing such comparisons into a particularity which nature does not sustain; but for all this it appears that nature must furnish some very suggestive facts of the kind of which we speak. Unlike the author of the Vestiges, however, we shall employ these facts to show that Intelligence presides over creation instead of proving its absence.

Again, worms are lower in rank than insects. The worm-like grub which cuts off our young corn, and the slugs which eat our cherry and

rose leaves are but the embryos of insects. Here, also, the embryo of a higher type appears under the similitude of the adult form of a lower type. Such illustrations could be adduced at great length. We arrive, then, at the conclusion that nature, in realizing the succession of phases through which an embryo is made to pass, gives expression to the same succession of ideas as we recognize in the gradations of adult animal forms.

Next let us recur to the nature of the geological succession of organic types. Every tyro in geological science has learned that we have here a gradually-ascending succession of forms. Among other sequences we find the fish followed in time by the batrachian, which in its embryo state is fish-like and in its adult state is reptile-like. The batrachian was followed by the strictly air-breathing reptile, in which the ventricle is not separated by a partition—a condition existing in the heart of the embryo mammal. Finally, reptiles were succeeded by quadruped and man.

Again, the earliest crustaceans were Trilobites followed by Phyllopods. These were followed by long-bodied lobsters, (*Macrourans*), and these in turn by the crabs (*Brachyurans*). Now, this succession of forms is the same as is expressed in the embryonic history of the highest form of crustacean.

Still again, fishes with cartilaginous skeletons and heterocercal—unequally lobed—tails predominated in the earlier periods, while existing waters are tenanted by fishes with bony skeletons and homocercal tails. It is a curious fact that this order of succession is represented by the embryonic stages of the common white-fish of Europe, and corresponds also to the discriminations of rank which are recognized among fishes.

Coral animals furnish us with another beautiful illustration of these harmonies. It has been shown by Agassiz, who has enjoyed remarkable facilities for the study of all classes of animals, that the polyps, structurally considered, present a gradation which is expressed, in ascending order, by the following arrangement of groups: *Actiniae*, *Fungidae*, *Astræans*, *Porites*, *Madrepores*, *Halcyonoids*. From the *Actiniae*, whose soft bodies and indefinite multiplication of tentacles mark them lowest in the scale, to the *Halcyonoids*, which have but eight tentacles, there exists a regular gradation of complication, which in this place we can only announce and direct attention to the fact that the geological succession of coral animals, so far as we can judge, has been coincident with the structural gradation. Of fossil *Actiniae* we can allege

nothing, since, having soft bodies, no relics of them could have been preserved if they existed in the early ages of the world's history. But as to the other groups we find the *Fungidae* running through the Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous ages, while the *Porites* and *Astræans* bedecked the submarine parterres of the Mesozoic period, the *Madrepores* united with them to adorn the Tertiary seas, and the *Halcyonoids* belong to the latest times.

A further extraordinary coincidence is furnished by these coral animals. It has been shown by Agassiz, who examined the Florida reef under the auspices of the United States Coast Survey, that the true reef-building polyps arrange themselves along the reef in the order of their rank and successive introduction upon the earth. The *Actinææ* do not appear on the reef, for the same reason they do not figure in the records of geology. They are soft-bodied animals and never secrete coral. The *Fungidae*, furthermore, are not compound animals like the reef-builders, and are not confined to any particular depth in the sea. But when we come to the reef-making polyps we find the true *Astræans* at the bottom, followed by the *Mæandrinæ*, a higher section of the *Astræans*. Next in ascending along the reef we encounter the architecture of the *Porites*, the *Madrepores*, and the *Halcyonoids* in due succession, and presenting a collection of conceptions identical with that found in the structural gradation of polypi, and again in the order of their geological appearance.

What signify now these repetitions of identical successions of ideas? In their structural rank, in their embryonic development, in their geological sequence, and even in one case in their relative position in depth, the groups of the animal kingdom give utterance to the same intelligible sentences. This is not the utterance of chance; it is the language of One Intelligence presiding over the evolutions of the organic world through all ages and in all the conditions of its existence.

## XXVII.

THE SAME THOUGHTS WRITTEN ON THE FLOWERS  
AND THE STARS.

Every one has observed that the leaves of some plants stand in pairs opposite each other on opposite sides of the stem. In other plants the leaves are scattered over the stem. In this case they are not promiscuously placed, for on careful observation we find them disposed in the most regular manner. Commencing with any given leaf, for instance, we shall find the next leaf above this one-third of the way around the stem, the next another third, and

the next another third, so as to stand exactly over the first. The series is therefore arranged in a spiral, which may be designated by the fraction  $\frac{1}{3}$ . Taking another plant we shall find the next leaf above any given one two-fifths of the distance around the stem. The next will be four-fifths, the next six-fifths, and so on, each leaf moving two-fifths of the circumference further around the stem. In this case the fifth leaf stands over the first, and this superposition is attained after winding twice around the stem. Here we have an order of arrangement, or a spiral, which may be represented by the fraction  $\frac{2}{5}$ . In precisely the same way we discover in other plants spirals which may be expressed by the fractions  $\frac{3}{8}$ ,  $\frac{5}{13}$ ,  $\frac{8}{21}$ , etc. If, in the case of opposite leaves first mentioned, we conceive that two spirals start from the same level on opposite sides of the stem, it is evident that each successive leaf in each spiral is separated from its predecessor by an interval equal to one-half the circumference of the stem. We have here, then, a spiral expressed by the fraction  $\frac{1}{2}$ . The complete series of fractions, therefore, is the following:  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$ ,  $\frac{2}{5}$ ,  $\frac{3}{8}$ ,  $\frac{5}{13}$ ,  $\frac{8}{21}$ , etc. Now, let it be borne in mind that these values are obtained by actual observation, and that there are plants whose leaf arrangement is known to correspond to each of these fractions as well as others in the series further continued. But notice the relation which exists between the successive fractions in the series. Each numerator is equal to the sum of the two preceding numerators, and each denominator to the sum of the two preceding denominators. Knowing this law we may continue the series to any extent; and it has been so continued and fractions obtained to which plants have subsequently been found to correspond, though we hardly know how at present to interpret the unrealized possibilities indicated by the higher terms of the series. Is all this the result of chance? Is it not rather mathematics, law, intelligence?

We turn now our attention to the "infinite meadows of heaven," where

"Blossom the lovely stars—the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Neptune, the remotest planet, revolves about the sun in 60,000 days—speaking in round numbers—Uranus, the next, in 30,000 days, which is *one-half* the preceding number; Saturn, the next, in 10,000 days, which is *one-third* of the period of Uranus; Jupiter revolves in 4,000 days, which is *two-fifths* of the period of Saturn. And so we go on through the system, and find the law expressing the relations of the revolu-

tions of the planets identical with that which determines the arrangement of the leaves upon the humble stem of a plant. A little difficulty was at first experienced in applying the law to the group of asteroids, but this difficulty no longer exists, and we now know this wonderful law to be so exact and uniform in its application that before the discovery of the planet Neptune the botanist in his garden could have predicted its existence and its place in the heavens with greater precision than the French astronomer in his observatory. Moreover, an examination of this series of fractions renders it impossible that any planet should exist exterior to Neptune, as his periodic revolution corresponds to the beginning of the series, though an indefinite number of planets may exist within the orbit of Mercury, inasmuch as the planets lying in that direction correspond to the indefinite continuation of the series—a correspondence which also harmonizes beautifully with the cosmical theory of La Place and Sir William Herschel. Astronomers will, therefore, take notice and not be found planet-hunting in the deserts of space beyond the orbit of Neptune.

Who shall explain what mysterious virtue belongs to the succession of values furnished by the leaf-arrangements of the plant that exactly the same succession of values should be inscribed upon the heavens and entered among the ordinations of planetary systems? How many millions of chances against the supposition of a blind coincidence through a series of terms so extended! Mad atheism alone could fail to read the sentence so written at once in the soft bloom of the rose and the supernal light of the stars—"These are the works of one Omnipresent Intelligence."

#### CAIN'S COMPLAINT.

WHEN Cain lived in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden, he sat one day under a tree and supported his head with his hand and sighed. But his wife had gone out to look for him, and carried her infant boy Enoch in her arms. When she had found him she stood for some time near him and listened to his sighs.

And she said to him, "Cain, why do you sigh, and why is there no end to your lamentations?"

Then Cain trembled, raised his head, and replied, "Ah, is it you, Zillah? Behold, my punishment is greater than I can bear!" And when he had thus spoken his head sank again, and he covered his eyes with his hand.

But his wife said in a gentle tone, "O, Cain,

the Lord is merciful and of great compassion!" When Cain heard these words he trembled again, and said, "Alas! must your tongue be a thorn to pierce my heart?"

But she replied, "Be that far from me. But listen, Cain, and look around you. Does not our seed blossom, and have we not twice reaped a rich harvest? Is he not merciful to us and liberal in bestowing his favors?"

"Ah no, it is you, Zillah, you and your Enoch, not me. I only discover in his goodness how far I was from him when I—slew Abel."

And Zillah interrupted him, saying, "Do you not cultivate your fields, Cain, and scatter the seed over the ground, and the morning light shines upon you as it shone in Eden, and the dew glistens on the flowers and grass."

"Ah, Zillah, my poor wife," replied Cain, "I see in the twilight of morning only the bleeding head of Abel, and the dew-drop hangs on every blade like a tear and on every flower like a drop of blood. And when the sun rises I see behind me in my shadow Abel the slain, and before me myself, who slew him. Has not the purling rivulet a voice that mourns for Abel, and does not his breath float toward me in the breeze of the cooling wind? Ah, more dreadful than the voice of anger that spoke in thunder and cried to me, 'Where is thy brother Abel?' is the still small voice that speaks everywhere round me. And when night comes—alas! it encompasses me like a dark tomb, and around me is an empire of death. Noon is my favorite hour, when the sun scorches above me, and when no shadow surrounds me."

"O, Cain, my beloved! behold, yonder our sheep are coming! White as the lily of the field, and with breasts full of milk, they skip gayly to the fold in the splendor of the twilight."

"Ah, those are Abel's sheep. Are they not red with Abel's blood? In their bleating they mourn for Abel. Is it not the voice of lamentation? How, then, can they belong to Cain?"

Then Zillah wept, and said, "Am I not Zillah, your wife, who loves you?"

"How can you love Cain? What have you received from me but tears and sighs? How can you love Cain who slew Abel?"

Then she handed him Enoch, his infant son, and the child smiled at his father. And Cain fell on his face under the tree, sobbed, and exclaimed, "Alas! I must also behold the smile of innocence. It is not the smile of the son of Cain—it is Abel's smile. It is Abel's smile, whom Cain slew." Thus he cried, and lay speechless with his face on the ground. But Zillah leaned against the tree, for she trembled greatly, and her tears trickled on the earth.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Scripture Sabiur.

### CITIES OF REFUGE FROM THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.—

*"And they shall be your refuge from the avenger of blood."*  
*Joshua xx, 3.*

*"Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us."* *Heb. vi, 18.*

Revenge is a corruption of that Divine instinct of justice which our righteous Maker has implanted within us as a reflection of himself. As a *corrupt* principle, it is as old as the fall, as universal as man. The most ancient nations regarded *revenge for bloodshed* not only as legitimate, but as incumbent. It was considered the duty of the nearest kinsman to the murdered man to wreak vengeance upon the guilty head of him who dealt the murderous blow. This avenger was called the Goel—one who demanded restitution of blood. He in those distant days was bound by the law of society to shed the blood of him who had slain his kinsman. In some parts of Europe, even in these latter days, blood revenge is popular. It is calculated that about four hundred persons annually lose their lives in Sardinia by this principle of blood revenge. Some of the Italians never pass over an insult without retaliation, either on the offender or his family. In the Southern States of the American Union slight insults were frequently avenged by personal violence and death.

While Moses, the great legislator of Israel, did not destroy this principle of revenge, or abrogate its customary development, he introduced a principle of mercy to regulate its operation. That principle was embodied in the establishment of the "Cities of Refuge." These cities were founded for a twofold purpose; first, to afford effectual protection to the individual who had *unintentionally* and by accident destroyed a brother's life, and secondly, to procure for him who had done so deliberately an opportunity for a calm and fair trial. To give the whole country the advantage of this institution, there were six in number—three on the west of the Jordan—Hebron in Judah, Shechem in Ephraim, and Kedesh in Naphtali; and three on the east of the Jordan—Bazer in Reuben, Ramoth in Gilead, and Golan in Manasseh. They were established by Joshua soon after taking possession of the land.

Whether these places of refuge were intended as material representations of the spiritual protection which the Gospel provides for the sinner or not, is a question which discussion has not yet settled. One thing is clear, that they are admirably adapted as telling illustrations; and for this purpose I shall use them at present. It is indeed not unlikely that Paul had this Jewish institution in view when he spoke of the "refuge set before us."

### I. POINTS OF DIFFERENCE.

Before I mark out those remarkably-salient points of resemblance between the protection which these "cities" provided for the man-slayer, and the protection which the Gospel provides for the sinner, it seems advisable, in order to guard against wrong impressions, to notice a few of those points in which there is no correspondence between them.

1. *The one afforded only a temporary protection for the body.* The city of refuge did not shield against death itself, but only against death from the hand of an avenger. Death would still come to him in some form. It left even the body unprotected from death itself, and it offered no safety for the soul. The Gospel, on the contrary, is a protection for the whole man, and for the whole man forever. "He that believeth on me shall never die." "I give unto my sheep eternal life, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hands."

2. *The one afforded protection only to the unfortunate, the other to the guilty.* The man who murdered in cold blood, and by purpose, could find no lasting protection here. If he reached the city before the blow of the avenger descended on his head, it was only to be brought forth to be executed by public justice. But the refuge of the Gospel is for the guilty. Man's kindness only extends to the unfortunate. Asylums for the unfortunate; chains, dungeons, scaffolds, for the guilty—this is man's policy. God's mercy extends to the guilty. "Let the wicked," etc. "Come now and let us reason together." Manasseh fled to the Gospel and was safe; so did David, so did Magdalen, so did Saul of Tarsus, etc.

3. *The protection which the one afforded involved the sacrificing of certain privileges, that of the other insures every privilege.* The man-slayer in the city, while he felt his body safe from the stroke of the avenger, felt himself deprived of much—liberty, home, society, etc. But the protection of the Gospel insures all good. "All things are yours," etc.

4. *Those who enjoyed the protection of the one would desire to return to their former scenes; not so with those who enjoy the protection of the other.* The man-slayer knew that he would be restored to his old scenes after the death of the high-priest. He, therefore, desired this event. The mother of the high-priest knowing the strength of the desire to be liberated, and fearing that the prisoners would pray for the death of her son, treated them with special kindness. But he who enjoys the protection of the Gospel would not go back to the old scenes of life for the world. "What things were gain to me these I counted loss for Christ," etc.

## II. SALIENT POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE.

But let me notice some of the more illustrative features of resemblance:

1. *The cities of refuge were of Divine appointment; so is the protection offered in the Gospel.* The cities of refuge were not the inventions of human philanthropy, they were the ordinations of Heaven. "The Lord spake unto Joshua, saying, Speak to the children of Israel, saying, Appoint out for your cities of refuge whereof I spake unto you by the hand of Moses." Joshua xx, 1-9; Exodus xxi, 13; Numbers xxxiii, 6-14; Deut. xix, 2-9. The Gospel refuge is of Divine appointment. "Behold I lay in Zion," etc. "Whom God hath set forth," etc.

2. *The cities of refuge were provisions against imminent danger; so is the Gospel.* The man-slayer had violated a social law, the great law of society. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." He had dealt out death to society, and society was pursuing him with death! The grim monster was at his heels, but he was safe the very moment he crossed the threshold of the city gates. The sinner is in danger. No imagination, no figure of language can exaggerate the magnitude of the sinner's peril. Eternal Justice pursues him; thundering, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;" "The soul that sinneth it shall die." But let him enter the Gospel refuge and he is safe; he can look out on the wide-spread universe and exclaim, "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?" etc.

3. *The cities of refuge were arranged so as to be available for all the man-slayers in the country; so is the Gospel provided for all sinners.* (1.) They had capacity enough to secure all. They were never so full as to turn any away. The Gospel provision is sufficient for all. In John's day, eighteen centuries ago, "he saw a great multitude, which no man could number," etc. Since then millions have been added, and yet there is room. (2.) They lay within the reach of all. The map of ancient Palestine will show us how accessible those places are; they were easy of approach to all. How thoroughly the Gospel comes within your reach. "Say not in thine heart," etc. The roads to them were kept good. The rivers were spanned with bridges and the rough places were made plain, so that there was no obstruction to the man who was fleeing for his life. (3.) They were pointed out to all. Finger-posts were planted along the road, with the word "Refuge—refuge!" written on them. Every facility rendered. So in this Gospel; the path is clear, and "Wisdom is crying in the streets," etc.

4. *The cities of refuge were the exclusive asylums for such cases; so is the Gospel the only way of salvation.* If the homicide halted or ran elsewhere he was in danger; no other city could protect him. We may suppose that some made the trial and would say to themselves, "Why must I run there? why not here or somewhere else?" and would make the trial and soon find out the fatal mistake. So with the Gospel—nothing else will do. Men, from a perversity of nature, may try something else—works, sacraments, philosophies—but all of no avail. "There is salvation in no other."

5. *The cities of refuge were only serviceable to those who*

*by suitable effort reached them.* What was this effort which the man-slayer had to put forth? (1.) *Individual effort.* He had not to trust to others to carry him there. He had to use his own limbs and powers. So with the sinner; he can not be saved by proxy. (2.) *Immediate effort.* After he had struck the mortal blow he had not a moment to lose. So with the sinner. "Now is the accepted time." (3.) *Strenuous effort.* Walking would not do; he had to run—to exert himself to the utmost. So with the sinner—agonize to enter in. (4.) *Persevering effort.* If he had stopped an inch before he reached the spot he would not have been safe. He that endureth to the end shall be saved. "Be thou faithful unto death." Hasten, then, to the Gospel refuge. Enter its sacred precincts and you are secure; secure from the assaults of every enemy, from the force of every adverse circumstance, of every conceivable catastrophe; secure amid the agonies of death, the terrors of the judgment, and crashes of a dissolving universe. Enter this refuge, and while God's judgments are shaking the globe, you may chant the triumphant song of an old Hebrew saint:

"God is our refuge and strength,  
A very present help in trouble;  
Therefore will not we fear,  
Though the earth be removed,  
And though the mountains be carried  
Into the midst of the sea;  
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled;  
Though the mountains shake  
With the swelling thereof."

THE LAST JOB OF ALL.—"Know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Eccl. xi, 9.

A person in a stage-coach, who had indulged in a strain of speech which betrayed licentiousness and infidelity, seemed hurt that no one either agreed or disputed with him. "Well," he exclaimed, as a funeral procession slowly passed the coach, "there is the last job of all." "No!" replied a person directly opposite to him: "No! for after death is the judgment." The speaker was silenced.

MY HEART IS HARD.—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Eccl. xii, 4.

An old man one day taking a child on his knee entreated him to seek God now—to pray to him—and to love him; when the child, looking up at him, asked, "But why do not you seek God?" The old man, deeply affected, answered, "I would, child; but my heart is hard—my heart is hard."

IN THE SWELLING OF JORDAN.—"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" Jer. xii, 5.

The Rev. Richard Hooker, just before his death, said, "I have lived to see that this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near; and though I have, by his grace, loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and labored to have a conscience void of offense to him, and to all men: yet if thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for his merits who died to purchase a pardon for penitent sinners."

## Inks and Quirrs.

**THE RAINBOW BEFORE THE FLOOD.**—In the last Repository R. C. S. J., in reply to the questions, "How is it that there was no rainbow before the Flood? Did it not rain till then?" gives it as his "opinion and belief that there were rainbows before the Flood." However, in support of this belief he advances, I believe, no proof, except we receive as proof, "the Bible does not mention that there was no rainbow before the Flood." It might be inquired, does the Bible state that there was a rainbow prior to the Flood? Sometimes great men overlook plain facts. Some think if there was rain before the Flood, the rainbow must have existed also; but if the rainbow did not appear, then it did not rain before the Flood. Since the Flood it often rains by night and day without the appearance of the bow; and, therefore, before the Flood there may have been frequent and copious showers, and yet no antediluvian eye have seen a rainbow. To its formation three things are necessary—a spectator with the falling rain before, and the shining sun behind him. In God's providence these conditions may not all have existed at the same moment before the Flood. If it did not appear till after the Flood, how Noah must have been overwhelmed with emotions of wonder, gratitude, and praise, as God placed in the heavens before his eyes, for the first time, the bow of promise, revealing the seven prismatic colors most delicately blended, in assurance to him and his posterity that "the waters should no more become a flood to destroy all flesh!"

N. R.

**IS TEMPORAL DEATH A PART OF THE PENALTY OF ADAM'S TRANSGRESSION?**—To prove that man can outlive the possibility of his salvation, D. D. T. M. affirms, in the last Repository, that "death spiritual and eternal only was the penalty of the law. 'The day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' But he did not die temporally, nor was he saved from it by Christ then, nor is he now. Christ endured the full penalty of the law for him, but did not save him from temporal death; therefore it is no part of the penalty. Temporal death is not 'condemnation' to the righteous, but 'gain;' ergo, it is the appointment of God, and stands connected with the remedial scheme."

Now, doubtless, a person can by a course of willful and habitual sinning preclude the possibility of his salvation prior to his death, but I can not perceive the proof of it in the above assertions, which I consider contrary to Scripture and subversive of the most important doctrines of Christianity. It would seem difficult for a greater amount of error to be condensed into so small a compass. It affirms that temporal death was no part of the penalty of the law given to Adam. But let us carefully note the emphatic language which God uses in announcing the penalty as expressed in the original, "Dying thou shalt surely die." When man ate the interdicted fruit he lost the principle upon which his temporal life depended, the seeds of death were then sown in his body and commenced germina-

ting, and dying many years at last he *surely died*. And after the fall God refers to this threatening penalty when he declares to man, "*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*" St. Paul clearly sets forth this part of the penalty—"by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Would man have died had he remained obedient to God? If so, then death did not enter into the world *by sin*. But D. D. T. M. says "it is the appointment of God, and stands connected with the remedial scheme." True, it is the appointment of God, not, however, as a means of salvation or as a reward of righteousness, but as a threatened consequence of sin and a part of its terrible penalty. From the hope which the Scriptures inspire I had supposed that *life*, not *death*, "stands connected with the remedial scheme." I hear its glorious author triumphantly affirming, "I am the resurrection and the life." True, death is not condemnation to the righteous, because "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

Again, it is asserted "Christ endured the full penalty of the law for him, but did not save him from temporal death." Is man saved or not saved from temporal death? If saved, who saves him? If not saved, why did Christ die and rise again? The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject of Christ saving from temporal death. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." "All that are in their graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth." But is it said that "men die, therefore Christ does not save them from temporal death?" This would be a puerile quibble upon a most solemn and vital subject. Are we not as certainly saved from death by Christ as we would be if, at the moment of leaving the earth, we were changed by his mighty saving power from mortality to immortality? "We shall not all sleep, [die,] but shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."

Therefore, to affirm that temporal death was no part of the law given to Adam, and that Christ did not die to save man from temporal death, is, to my mind, contrary to the uniform teachings of the Holy Bible, dishonoring to God, and a denial of a large and important part of the atonement of Christ—yea, a denial of it all; for "if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." None but Christ can raise the dead, and he can not raise them unless he has redeemed them from the grave by his atonement. He who asserts that Christ died to save man from eternal spiritual death alone, is as far from the truth of God as he who affirms he died to save him from temporal death alone.

N. R.

**OUTLIVING THE POSSIBILITY OF SALVATION.**—Answer to F. S. C.'s theological query in the April number.—Answer second in the August number of the Repository.

tory in order to support its proposition, denies that death temporal was a part of the penalty of the law, and that Christ did not save man then, nor does he now, from immediate temporal death. "The day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die," was the law. Adam did not die immediately, for a Savior was provided. Mercy interposed and man was spared a short time that he might repent. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Rom. v, 12. All are fallen, and all must die at the close of their probation. But "Christ died for us"—temporally—that he might "redeem us," soul and body, from the curse of the law. "As in Adam all died, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." On account of sin in Adam all must die temporally. But as Christ has conquered Death, he will raise us from this temporal death in the resurrection morn. Had Adam not sinned I believe he would have left the earth as the saints will after the resurrection—ascend as did the Savior. Then man, through Christ, was allowed a few days that he might avail himself of the benefits of a Savior, and live spiritually and eternally. So temporal death was a part of the penalty, and Christ saved man from immediate temporal death, and he does now. When God determined to shorten man's life to one hundred and twenty years, he said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man;" that is, shall not strive with man so long. What is the result? When the Spirit ceases to strive man dies. Man can not turn without grace, but while the Spirit strives he may have that grace. "The wicked shall not live out half their days," because they effectually quench the Spirit, and that moment Justice cuts them down. Again: the question is to all, "Why will ye die?" Why? Not because their doom is sealed and they can not live, but because "they will not come unto me that they might have life." Then while man lives Christ intercedes for him, and the Spirit strives, and there is hope.

S. B. M'L.

**THE PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**—The slow degrees by which the language of Shakspeare has progressed from the rude strength of the days of Harold to that of Chaucer, can only be properly appreciated by taking some well-known composition and tracing its changes age by age. As a literary curiosity we give the alterations made in the Lord's Prayer, prefixing to them a Gothic translation:

## I. GOTHIC: A. D. 360.

Atta unsar, thu in himlum;  
 Weihnai namo thein; quimai thiudenassus theins;  
 Wairthai wiljah theins sue in himina, jah ana airthai.  
 Hlalf unsearana thana sinteran gif uns himmadaga,  
 Jah aſet uns thatci skulans sijaina, swaswe jah weis aſetam  
 thaim skulam unsearain,  
 Ja ni briggas uns in fraistubnjai,  
 Ak lausei uns af thamma ubilin,  
 Unta theina ist thiudangardi jah mahta, jah wultus; in  
 aiwins. Amen.

## II. EARLY CLASSIC: ANGLO SAXON.

Fader ure, thn the eart on Heofenum,  
 Si thin nama gehalgod; To-becume thin Rice;  
 Gewordhe thin Willa on Eorthen swa swa on Heofenum.  
 Urne go dagwamlican Hlaf syle us to-dag:  
 And forgyf us ure Gyltas swa swa we forgyfadh urum Gylten-  
 dum;  
 And ne gelade thu us on Costnunge;  
 Ac alys us of Yfe. Sothlice.

## III. ANGLO SAXON: A. D. 875.

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heofenum,  
 Si thin Nama gehalgod; To-becume thin Rice;  
 Gewurthe thin Willa on Eorthan swa swa on Heofenum;  
 Urne ge daghwamlican Hlaf syle us to dag:  
 And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath urum Gylt-  
 endum;  
 And ne geladde thu on Costnung;  
 Ac alyse us af Yfe.

## IV. ANGLO SAXON: ABOUT A. D. 880.

Fader uren, thu arth in Heofnum,  
 Si gehalgud Noma thin: To-cymeth Ric thin;  
 Sie Willo thin suae is in Heafne and in Eortha;  
 Hlaf useenne of wistlic sel us to dag;  
 And fergef us Scylda usna, swa, we fergefon Scyldgum usum;  
 And ne inlad usih in Costunge;  
 Uh gefrig usih from Yfe.

## V. ANGLO SAXON: ABOUT A. D. 900.

Thu ure Fader, the eart on Heofenum,  
 Si thin Nama gehalgod; cume thin Rice;  
 Si thin Willa on Eortha, swa swa on Heofenum,  
 Syle us to Dag urne to dagwamlican Hlaf;  
 And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath tham the  
 with us agyltath;  
 And ne lad thu na us on Costnunge;  
 Ac alys us fram Yfe. Sih it swa.

## VI. ANGLO SAXON: ABOUT 900; ANOTHER VERSION.

Fader unser se the is on Heofnum,  
 Gihalhod biht Noma thin; to-cymeth Rice thin;  
 Sie Willa thin sie swa on Heafne and on Heorthe;  
 Hlaf uerne daghwamlice sel us to Dage;  
 And forgef us Synne use swa fastlice and ec we forgefostas  
 eghwelce Scyldes user;  
 And ne usih on lad thu in Costnunge;  
 Ah afrai usih from Yfe.

## VII. ENGLISH OR SEMI-SAXON: ABOUT A. D. 1100.

Ure Fader, thu the on Heofene eart,  
 Syo thin Name gehalegd; to-cume thin Rice,  
 Geworde thin Wille on Heofene and on Heorthe;  
 Syle us to Dag urne daghwamliche Hlaf;  
 And forgyf us ura Geltas, swa we forgyfath aelcen thare the  
 with us agyltoth.  
 And ne lad thu un on Costnunge,  
 Ac alys us fram Yfe.

## VIII. ENGLISH: 1200-1300.

Onre Fader that art in Hevenes,  
 Halewid be thin Name; thy kingdom come;  
 To be thi Wille do as in Hevene and in Erthe.  
 Gyff to us this Day our Brede over other substance;  
 And forgyve to us our Dettis, as forgyuen to our Dettours;  
 And lede us not into Temptatioun;  
 But Delyue us fro Yvel. Amen, that is, so be it.

## IX. WICLIF'S VERSION: 1370.

Our Fadyr, that art in Hevenes,  
 Halloed be thy Name; thy kingdom come to;  
 Be thy Will done in Eerthe as in Hevene;  
 Geue to us this Day our Bread, over other substance;  
 And forgyf to us our Dettis, as we forgyuen to our Dettors.  
 And lede us not into Temptation;  
 But deliver us from Evil. Amen.

## X. A. D. 1526. TINDAL'S VERSION.

Our Father which art in Heven,  
 Halowed be thy name; let thy kingdom come;  
 Thy will be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heven,  
 Geue us this daye our dayly bred;  
 And forgeue us our Dettis, as we forgyuen our Dettors;  
 And leade us not into temptation;  
 But deliver us from Evill.  
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory  
 forever.

## Siŕkharŭ for Shilŭren.

### THE LITTLE BEAR-TAMER.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"I AM almost discouraged about Tom," said Mrs. Hartley to her husband. "He grows rougher every day, and he does not seem to learn any thing at school. The old master is too easy with him, I am afraid. His mind seems on his play all the time, or his dog and fishhooks. He is teasing for a gun now, but I hope you will not allow him to have one. The little peace of mind I have left with respect to him would be gone then. He can not write nearly as well as his little cousins. I was quite ashamed of his letter to Fanny this week, and I think he was a little too. What shall be done with our Tom? I wish some Mrs. Beecher Stowe would tell us."

Tom was an only child, and perhaps a little too much indulged—a brave, affectionate boy, but as rough as a bear in his deportment. He had so little application when at school he bid fair to make a capital dunce, for a boy that does not study is sure to make an ignorant man. Knowledge will not "come to him," as some poor scholars vainly hope.

"I have a plan I am afraid you will not approve of altogether, Maria, but I believe it is a good one. Suppose we try Tom a year, or a session if you prefer, at Mr. Hardey's school. It is only a half a day's ride from home by the cars. I am well acquainted with the Principal, and know him to be an excellent instructor. He has a rigid system about the school which every boy must come up to. There is no lying abed after the bell rings; there's no late breakfasts or tardiness allowed. The system will be of the greatest importance to Tom, for he is so irregular in all his habits. Mr. Hardey seldom finds occasion to punish, so you need not be over-anxious on that score about our pet bear. There is a moral power about him which boys read at a glance. There are beautiful grounds around the building where he will have abundant exercise every day. If we ever hope to see him any thing in the world, Maria, I feel that we must put him in some such position, where he will be compelled to exert himself intellectually, and also acquire habits of order. I wish you would think over it, and pray over it, my dear, and let me know your decision."

Tom's mother was at length brought to give her consent to the plan, and Tom entered on his new life with great expectations of enjoyment. A change of scene is always delightful to a boy. He felt a little abashed, it is true, when he was introduced to such a large roomful of studious-looking boys, who all eyed him so sharply, and he took his place among them with more of diffidence than he was accustomed to experience. It does not hurt a boy to think humbly of himself. One who is quite well satisfied with himself will not care to improve. "Before honor is humility."

Tom chafed like a wild ox in the yoke for a while under the new restraints, but it was all of no use. He must get up in the morning when the gong sounded and be down to prayers by half-past six, to breakfast by seven, and after that must exercise till the first bell rang for school—and so on all through the day. Each hour had its allotted duties, which came around as regularly as the wheels of the clock turned. Such habits are worth more to any one than a great sum of money to commence life with.

But after a time Tom grew accustomed to the routine, and the time passed swiftly away. The five months' session was over and his first vacation came. He had certainly improved much, and his mother's heart was encouraged with regard to his advancement in his studies. He did not seem so greatly changed in his manners though, as the society of boys alone would not tend particularly to soften and refine him. He seemed indeed like a prisoner let loose, and sought out all

his old haunts with the zest of a wild Indian. Term-time came around again very soon, and Tom was as impatient to get back and see the boys again as he had been to get home.

Another five months rolled away and Tom was in his thirteenth year. He was growing in stature and knowledge, and his heart was as wild with excitement and anticipation of the Christmas holidays as any boy's could be. What pity we can not keep the freshness and enjoyment of simple pleasures that we have when we are children!

Tom got up bright and early, so as to get home by the noon train instead of the evening, as was expected. There was no one looking for him at the station, so he set out for half a mile walk over the snows; but what was that to a boy coming home for Christmas holidays? He slipped around to the back door to take every body by surprise.

So Ann was the first person he saw as he stepped into the kitchen. "Why, Master Tom, is that you? What a turn you gave me sure! Bless the boy, how he has grown? It's proud of you your father'll be yet."

"Where is mother, Ann; I want to see her the first thing."

"She's up stairs. You can't begin to guess what we have got."

"Is it that new pony father talked of getting?" asked Tom with great animation. "If it is I'll have the grandest fun dashing over this country."

"No, it's a deal nicer than that," said Ann.

"Well, if it's any thing better than that bay pony I will give it up; so you may as well tell me, Ann."

"It's a baby," said Ann exultingly.

"You don't say so! Is it my mother's baby, Ann?"

"Yes, it is a sweet little sister of yours."

"How long has it been here?"

"Just a week to-morrow."

Tom stood in much perplexity for a minute. He seemed incapable of taking in the vastness of the idea all at once, so he had to let it into his mind gradually.

"Now I suppose it can't begin to walk?" he said half-musingly and half-inquiringly. Tom's outdoor pursuits had not made him very familiar with babies as a class.

Ann laughed, and just at that moment aunt Alice came in with a little gilt tea-tray, on which was placed a china cup or two.

"Why, are you in the house, Tom, and no more noise than this to be heard?" and she set down the tray and gave the boy's sun-browned cheeks a loving kiss.

"Aunt Alice," he said with more of quietness than she had ever known before in his manner, "can I go up and see mother and the baby?" He seemed to have a vague fear that the request would be denied him in all probability.

"O, yes, in a minute or two, when I go up. You had better slip on something besides those heavy boots, they seem a little wet and snowy."

"I had a pair of slippers once mother made for me. Can you tell where they are, Ann? I can't remember as I ever wore them," and he seemed to rather reflect on himself for the neglect. The slippers were put on and he went up stairs with aunt Alice, who carried mother's dinner on the little tray. He was permitted to carry the little chocolate pot, and a very important commission he felt it to be.

"Why, Tom, my dear boy," said mother with much surprise, as she reached out one fair hand and arm to draw him to her. The dimly-lighted room, his mother's pale face—all filled Tom's heart with an awe he had never known before. He gave his mother the accustomed kiss and then laid his face beside her on the pillow and cried and sobbed, he could not for his life tell why. Mother stroked with her white hand the strong brown curls and spoke lovingly to the

boy, well pleased to see him possessed of so fine a sensibility.

A little cry from the rose-wood crib and its soft coverings turned all thoughts in that direction. Such tiny morsels of humanity are the most absolute monarchs. Not a sound from those rosy lips or a movement of even a little arm but must be taken note of.

Aunt Alice took up the baby, and after a minute's soothing it was quiet again and then presented to Tom for his inspection.

He drew his chair up before aunt Alice, and I doubt if he ever showed so much reverence for any one before. He looked at her with a seriousness and wonder that made mother turn her head away and smile.

He put one finger into her little hand and it closed with a baby's grasp around it.

"How long is she, aunt Alice?" he asked. "I can not tell which is baby and which is clothes."

Aunt Alice searched out the little blue socks and measured off her length.

"Well, there is n't much of her, is there? I wonder if I was ever so small," and so he sat till dinner was ready watching the little creature, touching now her soft cheek and little arm, and finally making bold enough to ask for her little pillow to be placed on his arm. Quite proud he was when aunt Alice went down stairs and left him in charge for about five minutes.

"Won't she be nice, mother, when she can cut around with me and play?"

"Yes, my son, but you will have to play very gently. Our dear little girl could not stand rough playing like Bruno. We shall have to be very tender and careful of little Mary, or God will take her back to himself again."

"O, I hope he'll let us keep her," said Tom, the tears filling his eyes. "I'll be very gentle and careful, you shall see if I am not."

Aunt Alice took the baby and Tom went down to his dinner. Father had just come in and given him a warm greeting, then ran up stairs to see how mother and daughter came on.

"What does Tom say to the baby?" he asked.

"She has perfectly bewitched him," said mother laughing, and she related his introduction to her.

"I am thankful for it," said Mr. Hartley fervently. "The dear little bird may be a God-send to him as well as to us."

Tom seemed a changed boy from the time of that sweet little sister's advent. When the next Summer's vacation came and he found her such a plump, laughing, blue-eyed baby, he thought she was lovely enough. He was not ambitious then to have her get old enough "to cut around." He would tie on her little white bonnet and cloak and take her up and down the garden walks while she clung fast to his broad shoulder. When Tom came in sight every little limb and muscle was in motion till she was safe in his arms. He was associated in her mind with the bright outdoor air, which every baby loves. What a pity to keep the poor little creatures prisoners in a close room all the bright Summer, as too many mothers do! Baby needs her good sun-bath as much as she does her other bath every day.

Tom taught little Mary her first steps, and he learned to walk slowly, and, "like other folks," as Ann said, to accommodate himself to her little footsteps.

"You must be very careful and use only the best words to express yourself in," said mother, "now Mary is beginning to catch every word she hears. Do n't say any thing you would not wish to hear her say when she grows up."

How much of self-denial that little creature called for on the part of her big, rough brother! But every time he yielded to her gentle claims his heart was made better. He did not feel the tender bands at all irksome, because they were forged and welded together by love. That tender little sister made a man of Tom Hartley. She surpassed all the famous bear and lion-tamers in any menagerie. O what a power there is in love and gentleness! What a blessing in the house the bright-eyed, tender baby is!

## ROBERT AND THE NEWSBOYS. A TRUE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY WM. H. COCK, M. D.

ONE afternoon Mrs. W. went out upon a busy street in a large city, and took Robert and Emma with her to buy them some new clothes. It was a cold day in the Fall of the year, and the wind blew roughly. People began to build brisk fires in their grates, and were glad to put on thick clothing when they went out of doors. Snow had not come yet; but boys and girls shivered and hurried to the fire when they got up in the morning, and ice was found in the gutters, and the trees and house-tops were covered with frost.

Robert was nearly twelve years old, and Emma was over nine. Mrs. W. bought her son a pair of stout boots, and a pair of gloves lined with wool, and an over-coat which he said made him feel "as warm as toast." For Emma she got a heavy cloak, and a pair of cloth gloves, and a woolen hood. The children felt very proud of their new clothes; and when they went out to play after getting home, Emma romped and laughed much more than usual, and Robert stamped upon the pavement as he walked, and talked so boisterously that his mother had to come to the door twice and tell him not to be so noisy.

While Robert and Emma were playing with some other children who lived near them, there came by two boys about ten years old, and one of these was called John and the other Frank. They had on old straw hats, and wore thin clothes that were made only for warm weather. Their hands were red and chapped, for they had no gloves or mittens to wear, nor had they any shoes or stockings on their feet. They were cold and shrugged up their shoulders as they walked, and their bare feet pained them as they trod upon the frozen pavement, and the sharp wind made their eyes look watery. But they chatted together kindly as they went along, and their voices sounded cheery as they called out the name and price of the newspaper they had to sell.

As John and Frank got near to where Robert was playing they sang out the price of their paper, as city newsboys do. Robert shouted it after them and tried to make his voice sound like theirs. At this Emma and some of the other children laughed; so Robert shouted it again. The newsboys said nothing, though they felt it was very unkind in the others to make sport of them. Wishing to make his playmates laugh again Robert called out, "Halloo, dumpy, what will you take for your coat?" This was meant for Frank, who was shorter and stouter than John; but the two boys walked fast and said nothing. "Where did you get your red boots with such long tops to them?" said Robert, as he saw their bare feet and ankles, and, "What did you pay for your broadcloth over-coats?" cried one of Robert's playmates, as he noticed their thin muslin jackets.

Such cruel words made the newsboys feel very unhappy; for it was hard enough to be almost freezing in their bare feet and thin clothes, without having warmly-dressed children making fun of them because they were poor. But they did not speak, and only walked faster to get out of hearing from the others. Robert did not care for the feelings of poor people; and as the newsboys did not speak back with angry words, as he thought they would, he said to his playmates, "Come, boys, let us have some fun out of these fellows." He then ran after John and Frank, and the other boys followed him. Coming up behind John quickly Robert snatched the papers from under his arm and threw them upon the pavement. John jumped forward to pick them up, but the boy next behind Robert knocked against him and made him fall, and the next boy kicked the papers into the air as he ran, and those who followed trod upon them as they fell. In a few moments all the papers were either torn or soiled.

When John saw that his papers were now so injured that he could not sell them, he began to cry. Robert and his companions knew they had done wrong, and when they saw John crying began to feel ashamed; so each one ran away to his home, lest some one should see what a wicked thing they

had done—though they had forgotten that God had seen it all.

John gathered up his papers and began to smooth and brush them, hoping that he might yet make them fit to sell. Emma and the other girls came up while he was doing this, and when they saw how sad and cold the poor boys looked some of the girls began to feel very sorry.

"I say it was too bad for Robert to act so, and he had no business to do it," said Mary, who was the oldest of the girls.

"Just see his bare feet on the cold stones," whispered Louisa to Susan. "Why, I would freeze to death if I had to go out of doors barefooted such a day as this."

"Robert ought to be made to pay for the papers," said Mary.

"Robert did n't tear them. It was your brother who kicked and tore them," said Emma, who began to fear lest her parents might learn what had been done and punish Robert. "And, besides, that boy need n't make such a fuss about a few papers."

"They were all the papers he had," said Frank, "and it's too late to go back and buy any more, because he could n't sell them."

"What business has he going along here selling papers and making such a noise?" said Emma.

"He has n't any thing else he can do," said Frank.

"He ought to be going to school, then, and keep out of people's way, and not come disturbing us as we are playing," was Emma's reply. She was trying to cover the sin and shame of her brother by using angry words.

"He can't go to school now," said Frank. "We have n't got any fathers alive now, and his mother's been sick a long time, and we've got to do something, and can't go to school."

Emma now began to feel how cruel she had been in speaking such angry words; and she also saw what a deep shame it was for her brother to lead on the other boys to treat poor fatherless newsboys in such a manner, so she said no more. Mary asked Frank if he and John were brothers.

"No, Miss, we're only cousins; but his mother and my mother live together."

"What does your mother do for a living?"

"She works at washing; but she's had a cold and could n't do any thing this month or more."

"Have n't you any shoes and stockings to wear?"

"No. In the warm weather we did well enough without them, and we have n't had enough money to buy any since this cold weather came on."

"Then you do n't earn much selling papers or you could soon get you some," said Susan.

"But we have to give all our money to our mothers, and now that they are sick it takes it 'most all to get something to eat and to pay the house-rent. We've been trying these two weeks to save up enough extra to buy a few buckets of coal; for we've had nothing to burn but chips and stuff, and they do n't keep mother warm," said John, and he began to cry again, as he thought that now the loss of his papers would not let him get the coal so soon as he wanted, and his sick mother and aunt would have to shiver in their room for want of a good fire. The girls felt like crying too, and they began to wish that they could do something to help the poor boys.

"I'm sure my mother would give you a bucket of coal if she knew it," said Susan.

"And so would my mother," said Louisa.

"But we would n't like to take it," said John, "for that would be like begging, and we want to work for our living."

"It would n't be begging if we gave it to you without your asking," said Louisa. "You just wait here and I'll run and tell my mother."

But John and Frank said they would not take any coal till they had asked their mothers; for their mothers had always told them they must not take any thing they had not earned, so long as they had health to work. As it was getting late they said they must now go home; but Mary, who had been thinking for some time, said they ought to be

paid for their papers; and as Robert had some spending-money from his father every week, she thought Emma should go and tell him about the boys and have him give them enough of his money to pay for the papers.

"He always spends his money almost as soon as he gets it," said Emma, "and I know he spent all he had this afternoon. But I have three cents of my own, and I will give that to help pay for what Robert did, if you will pay for what your brother did."

To this Mary agreed at once, and gave five cents she had. The boys had lost five papers, and they were worth fifteen cents. Louisa had three cents and she gave them, and Susan ran off home and was back soon with five cents of her own to help pay for the share her brother had in the mischief. This made sixteen cents, and Mary handed it to John; but he said there was one cent too much, and was not willing to take it till Mary urged him to do so, and told him it was worth more than a cent to have kept him standing in the cold so long. The boys went off happy, and the girls went to their homes feeling glad in their hearts for having denied themselves the niceties they expected to buy with their money, in order that they might do justly by the injured boys. They had not given the boys alms; but they had done right and shown human sympathy, so they felt that happiness which Jesus meant when he said, "Blessed are the merciful."

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF CHILDREN.—*Not Work on Sunday.*—

When Orrie was two and a half years old a new railroad was in process of construction near his home, and one Sabbath morning several of the workmen, with their teams, passed on their way to work. About six o'clock in the evening they again passed on their way home. Orrie saw them coming, and running to the gate called out, "Sirs, it is Sunday; you must not work on Sunday." A. A. F.

*Good when Good.*—On another occasion he was asked if he was a good boy. He answered, "Yes, when I am good." A. A. F.

#### RIDDLE.—

I'm sometimes very honest, sometimes not,  
And less sincere at Court than in a cot;  
Sometimes I pleasure give, and sometimes pain,  
For now I praise bestow, and now disdain.  
The lovelier I appear, when small my throne;  
Enlarge but this, and all my beauty's gone.  
Few things there are, at least but few I know,  
Which cost so little, and so much bestow.

*CHARADE.*—My first is plowed for various reasons; and grain is frequently buried in it, to little purpose; my second is neither riches nor honor, yet riches would generally be given for it, and honors are often tasteless without it: my whole applies equally to Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

#### ENIGMATICAL BIRDS.—

1. A child's plaything.
2. What we all do at every meal.
3. Nothing, twice yourself, and fifty.

#### REBUS.—

FIVE hundred, a thousand, and one,  
With proper attention dispose;  
And that kind of light will appear,  
Which the sun in a fog often shows.

#### ANAGRAMS.—

1. To love ruin.
2. Great Helps.
3. The Bar.

*ANSWER TO HOME PUZZLE IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.*—*Anagram.*—Parishioners.

*ANSWERS FOR THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.*—*Riddle.*—A thorn.  
*Charade.*—Conundrum. *Rebus.*—Rock—cork. *Anagram.*—Matrimony. *Conundrum.*—When it strikes one.

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.**—At a recent meeting of the Trustees of the Wesleyan Female College Rev. President Allyn informed the Board of his election to the Presidency of M'Kendree College, Lebanon, Illinois, offering at the same time his resignation of the Presidency of the Female College, Vine-street. After some discussion the resignation was accepted, and Rev. R. S. Rust, D. D., pastor of Morris Charge, elected to the vacancy.

To his new and responsible post Dr. Rust brings an experience and a heart eminently adapted to the work. Speaking of his five years' management of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, Bishop Baker says: "Mr. Rust is a man of great energy of character, a good scholar, indomitable in his perseverance, and of happy talent in managing the general interests of an institution of learning." Dr. Abel Stevens bears similar testimony: "Dr. Rust is particularly fitted, by both his characteristics and talents, for success as an instructor." Dr. Olin, in a note before his death, says: "Mr. Rust possesses the enterprise and perseverance so important in the management of a literary institution. I should expect him to succeed well, and should be disappointed by his failure."

**NEW EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD.**—Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, D. D., President of the M'Kendree College, Lebanon, Illinois, has been elected editor of Zion's Herald. Dr. Cobleigh was originally from New Hampshire, and graduated at the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, in 1843, and immediately joined the New England Conference. He was several years a pastor, three years a professor in Lawrence University, Wisconsin, and since 1858 has been President of M'Kendree College.

**SABBATH SCHOOLS OF CINCINNATI.**—From a tabular statement on the above subject just published we glean the following, showing the number of schools, pupils, teachers, etc.: Methodist Episcopal, 28; Methodist Protestant, 2; Methodist Calvinistic, 1; Presbyterian, Old School, 9; Presbyterian, New School, 10; Presbyterian, United, 3; Presbyterian, Reformed, 2; Baptist, 9; Episcopal, 5; Union, 4; Congregational, 3; German Reformed, 3; Lutheran, 1; Evangelical, 2; United Brethren, 2; Friends, 2; Disciples, 2; Unitarian, 1; Church of Redeemer, 1; Universalist, 1; New Jerusalem, 1; Covenanters, 1; Harrison-Street Church, 1; total, 94. Total number of pupils enrolled, 20,700; average attendance of scholars, 14,812; number professing religion, 346; number of teachers, 1,583; volumes in libraries, 33,945; number of papers distributed, 329,360.

**WESTERN METHODISM IN THE ARMY.**—Out of 110 Churches in Illinois one-eighth of the members have gone to the war. Out of 196 Churches in Wisconsin five ministers have gone as chaplains; 28 sons of ministers are in the ranks; 50 students of Beloit College; one in nine of all the Church members are in the war.

Out of 43 Churches heard from in Minnesota one-seventh of the male members are in the army, among whom are 11 Church officers and 7 sons of ministers.

**THE LAWRENCE TRAGEDY.**—Lawrence, Kansas, has recently been the scene of a most cruel massacre and one of the bloodiest outrages in the whole progress of the rebellion. The city was almost totally destroyed by an attack made in the night by the guerrilla Quantrell and about three hundred fellow-ruffians from Missouri. Nearly two hundred citizens, including men, women, and children, were shot and many of the latter killed. General Lane escaped on horseback, and afterward rallied two hundred men, but before he could effect any thing Quantrell was on his return to Missouri, scattering firebrands and death wherever he moved. The dispatches say scores were shot in their night-clothes, and the dead and wounded thrown promiscuously into the wells and cisterns. The total loss of property is over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

**EMANCIPATION IN SURINAM.**—On the 1st of July the slaves of Surinam, a Dutch colony in South America, were emancipated in accordance with a law adopted by the Legislature of Holland on the 8th of August, 1862, with the cordial sanction of the Dutch Government. The slaves of the colony form an overwhelming majority of the total population, numbering 45,000 persons in an aggregate population of 61,000. More than one-half of the negroes belong to the Moravian Church.

**SAMUEL P. HILDRETH, M. D.**—This well-known citizen died at his home in Marietta, Ohio, July 28th, aged eighty. Dr. Hildreth was a pioneer and historian of the pioneers of Ohio. He was a native of Methuen, Massachusetts. He commenced the practice of medicine at Marietta in 1806, when the place contained but six hundred inhabitants, and continued it fifty-five years. In 1861, as he said, "I laid it entirely aside, and am waiting the time of my departure with resignation and hope." He was a man of scientific observation, and was a prominent contributor to the leading scientific journals and societies.

**THE PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA.**—The people of the Republic of Liberia, in Africa, at the popular election in May last, chose Hon. Daniel B. Warner, now Vice-President, for their third President, to serve for two years from the first Monday in January next. He was born in Baltimore in 1815, where he learned to read, and went to Liberia with his father in 1823. He is of unadulterated African blood, of good personal appearance, sagacious, patient, industrious, honest, and high-minded in all his dealings. He is a man of self-reliance and fixed purposes, and of rare native genius. He has honorably served in the navy and militia of Liberia, successfully engaged in trade and commerce, acceptably filled offices of high responsibility, writes good prose and poetry, has been an active local

preacher in the Methodist Church for upward of twenty years, and, though he never saw a vessel constructed, he planned his own ship-yard, and built some of the largest crafts navigating the waters of Western Africa.

**ELECTROTYPING SHIPS' BOTTOMS.**—A proposition has been laid before the Admiralty by Mr. Walenn, a London chemist, to coat iron of any size, from a ship's bottom itself, as one whole to a single bolt for the armor-plate—extent of material or shape being no objection—with a deposit of metal, such as brass or any other alloy, as thin or as thick in substance as may be wished, with a bright, hard, enameled surface. This would supply what is chiefly wanted, the means of preventing the oxydation of ships' armor and bolts, and the fouling of iron ships' bottoms. Mr. Walenn has been directed to inspect the existing arrangements of baths and batteries now adopted at Portsmouth, and to send in to the Admiralty a special report, with accompanying estimates of his proposed plan of electrotyping.

**WOOL-GROWING IN VERMONT.**—The beneficial effect of protection is exhibited by the present condition of the wool-growing interest in Vermont, which has sent to the international agricultural exhibition the best sheep. In 1787 the General Assembly of Vermont encouraged by suitable enactments the growth of wool, and the returns of each successive census show a gradual increase, till in 1860 the annual product was 2,975,544 pounds. For many years it might well have been said of Vermont, "all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands," and during the non-intercourse with Great Britain the General Assembly passed a joint resolution, saying that it would be considered ungentlemanly for a member of the house or of the council to appear in his seat other than clad in the growth, production, and manufacture of the State.

**COTTON IN THE FREE STATES.**—A correspondent of the New York Post states that several wealthy gentlemen of Cincinnati have formed a company for the purpose of raising cotton in "Egypt," or Southern Illinois. The company have planted seven thousand acres of Tennessee cotton, which has thus far proved a success. They have several large cotton-gins and warehouses at different points for the purpose of packing and storing cotton. The seed was brought from Tennessee at a cost of thirty cents per bushel. It is the short staple or upland cotton, and is worked by East Tennessee and Georgia refugees, who, with their families, are easily supported, and are doing well.

**EMIGRATION.**—While the increase of the number of emigrants from Europe to New York since January 1, 1863, up to the present time, as compared with the same period last year, is 50,338, it appears from the returns made at Quebec that there has been a falling off of the number of emigrants during the same period, as compared with that of 1862, of 1,244 persons. This shows that there is no fear among the industrial classes of the old country of the stability of the American Republic.

**CURIOUS SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.**—The extract of belladonna, as is well known, if applied to the eye, causes the pupil to dilate to a remarkable extent. It

has been discovered that a kind of bean from Calabar has exactly the opposite quality. So, as a sort of scientific joke, the professors in England took a poor cat and put bean on one eye and belladonna on the other, which, they learnedly observe, "imparted a strange, weird expression to the face."

**WESLEYAN EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.**—The report of the Education Committee in the British Wesleyan Conference shows that there were 4,833 Sunday schools the past year, with 565,319 scholars, an increase of 29,483. The number of scholars who were members of the Church was 25,522, an increase of 1,054. The number of teachers was 91,922, of whom 78,301 were Church members. The Catechism was used in 3,910 schools, and the children were regularly taken to chapel from 4,405 schools. The entire expense of sustaining the Sunday schools for the year was £32,960. The number of Wesleyan day schools was 556; of certificated teachers, 415; scholars, 78,482, being an increase of 2,430. The total expenses of these schools was £47,797, of which £29,755 was received from the pupils. The expenditure on the Normal Training Institution at Westminster was £6,409. Aid from the Government was received during the year to the amount of £38,114.

**CANADA CONFERENCE STATISTICS.**—The statistical report of the Wesleyan Conference gives the number of members at 52,533; on trial, 3,805; total, 56,338—increase over last year, 1,933. The Christian Guardian says it expected the returns to show a larger increase, but it is thankful that they show even this degree of prosperity.

**IRISH WESLEYAN STATISTICS.**—The Methodist Recorder—English—gives the following summary of the returns made to the preparatory Committees: The review of our position at the close of this year, as brought before the committee, is not so satisfactory as on some former occasions. There is a decrease in our membership of 788. The emigrations during the year amounted to 629, and the deaths to 369. There are on trial for membership 601. The statistical returns embrace some particulars this year, included in the former years, so that it appears we have in this country 1,715 chapels and other preaching-places; about 50,000 attendants on public worship; 220 Sabbath schools, conducted by 1,694 teachers, and including 15,388 scholars. We have also 85 daily schools, in which 3,621 pupils receive instruction. There were also reported 272 classes for the young, including 2,715 pupils. When the intense and overwhelming Popery of the country is considered, our position here is full of hope for the future. The various funds, so far as ascertained, have suffered but little diminution.

**PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.**—The statistics of this connection show that the total number of members is 146,581; the number of ministers, 830; local preachers, 12,783; class-leaders, 8,733; chapels owned by the connection, 2,000; rented chapels and other places used for public worship, 3,457; Sunday schools, 2,450; Sunday school teachers, 36,610; scholars, 202,631. As compared with the returns of last year this shows an increase of 5,396 members, 54 traveling and 369 local preachers, 356 class-leaders, and 81 new chapels.

## Library Notes.

(1.) **OUTPOSTS OF ZION, WITH LIMNINGS OF MISSION LIFE.** By Rev. W. H. Goode, ten years a member of frontier Conferences. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 12mo 464 pp. \$1.25.—No man in the Methodist Church has done more frontier service, or done it better than the author of this volume. To his wise counsels, his prudent yet energetic measures, the Church is largely indebted for the success of her frontier work. Mr. Goode commenced his frontier work twenty years ago, having been commissioned, in March, 1843, superintendent of Fort Coffee Academy, in the Choctaw Nation, by Bishops Soule and Morris. Since that period more than half his time has been spent in kindred labors. The work before us is divided into three parts: Life and Labors among the Southern Indians, Early Scenes in Kansas and Nebraska, and Exploring Tour to the Rocky Mountains. We know of no better way of explaining the character of the work than by quoting the preface: "In the following pages I have followed out a simple train of narrative and reflection, depending partly upon imperfect journalizing, but mainly upon personal recollections, as called forth and aided by such memoranda. Memory, covering nearly a score of years, may, in some instances, have proven treacherous or defective; but I feel assured that this is seldom if ever the case in any material point.

"The periods embraced are those spent by the writer in actual frontier labors. But little matter is presented aside from personal observation and the range of personal knowledge. The reader may look for nothing startling or extraordinary. The aim has been in a series of personal details to present a simple and truthful view of mission life upon our frontier, with some of the actual results of missionary labor. Incidentally, and with little effort at arrangement, I have sought to give reliable facts as to the history of our Indian tribes, their country, character, condition, improvements, and the progress of Christianity among them; also sketches of the white settlements in our western Territories.

"In the labor of preparation many a lonely hour has been beguiled, many a thrilling recollection has been stirred, many a tender chord of feeling has been touched. Gratitude to God has been awakened with increased love to the cause of missions. Could the writer be assured that equal entertainment and equal profit would accrue to the reader he would be amply repaid."

The work is embellished by an excellent life-like portrait, engraved by Mr. Jones of this city. The type, printing, and paper are all that could be desired. The work ought to go out by the ten thousand.

(2.) **THE LIGHT AND THE DARK OF THE REBELLION.** 12mo. 303 pp. \$1.25. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This work is published anonymously, yet it is easy to discover from its perusal—which indeed is the fact—that the author has for many years past occupied public positions in the City of Washington which have brought

him into close contact with the Government and given him an insight into its motives and plans. We have forty-three chapters upon topics not necessarily connected with each other, but all contributing, in the descriptive language of the title, to reflect the light and dark of the rebellion. In its politics it adopts heartily the administration view and measures. Altogether the publication may be regarded as a collection of diversified, sprightly, and sparkling papers, forming one of the most readable contributions to our war literature.

(3.) **LIGHT.** By Helen Modet. 12mo. 339 pp. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

(4.) **THE HISTORICAL SHAKESPEARIAN READER, Comprising the Histories or Chronicle Plays of Shakspeare, carefully Expurgated and Revised, with Introductory and Explanatory Notes, adapted to the use of Schools, Colleges, etc.** By John W. S. Hows. 12mo. 503 pp. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—In his preface the author says: "My 'Shakspearian Reader' was published sixteen years ago with the hope of making Shakspeare a 'text-book' for schools. The experiment at that time was considered one of doubtful success; the work, however, has become a 'standard' in educational literature, and a continuation of selections from the poet's works is now demanded. In preparing a second series those plays have been selected that would best subserve my original design. The *historical, or chronicle plays* of Shakspeare seemed expressly adapted for this purpose. The ablest writers have declared them to be invaluable adjuncts to the study of English history, presenting, as they do, a truthful narration of events drawn from accredited chronicles of the times, and vivid pictures of the manners, habits, and customs of the people. This marvelous power of truthful characterization, with which the poet has invested the leading historical personages, makes them invaluable aids to the youthful student.

"The original text of Shakspeare is given as fully as the prescribed limits of this volume would allow; the continuity of the action is preserved by explanatory notes. Knowing from long practical experience that it is impossible to introduce Shakspeare as an educational work in its original entirety, the same rigid expurgation and revision have been adopted as were rendered imperative in my first series. This latter portion of my task has been executed in a due reverential spirit for the purity and integrity of the text."

(5.) **A MANUAL OF DEVOTIONS FOR DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE USE.** By George Upfold, D. D., Bishop of Indiana. 16mo. 244 pp. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.—"Bishop of Indiana" is a sounding title, and somewhat ambitious. But its assumption is quite harmless. This work is a compilation of the "Family Prayers" of the late

Henry Thornton, Esq. As to the *prayers*, they are, for the most part, excellent, highly devotional and spiritual, and might be used to good purpose outside the pale of "the Church of Indiana;" though we regret that the "dead fly" of high Churchism now and then mingles in the ointment.

(6.) *ELLSWORTH'S NEW SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP*, comprises, I, A Blackboard Chart of Letters; II, A Series of 66 Copy Slips; III, A Series of 8 Copy Books; IV, A Text-Book for Teachers. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. \$1.

(7.) *CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA*. Parts 64 and 65. Price, 20 cents each. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

(8.) *SUPPLEMENT TO URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND MINES*.—This is a large octavo of 1,096 pages, edited by Robert Hunt, F. R. S., F. S. S., and illustrated with 700 engravings on wood. Ure's Dictionary has long had the reputation of a standard authority. The rapid improvements, however, made in art processes require frequent revisions and emendations of such a work. During Dr. Ure's life these emendations were made by himself. But since his demise it was found necessary to organize a plan for bringing up the work to the present state of knowledge. The general editorship was assigned to Mr. Hunt, and a corps of the ablest practical and scientific men in England was secured to prepare the articles in their several departments. The result is that while all that was of intrinsic value in the old work has been retained, a vast amount of new and valuable material has been added. Especially is this supplementary volume rich in the latest results of inquiry, containing all the new and important matter and illustrations of the three English volumes costing \$38. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. \$6.

(9.) *THE BIVOUAC ON THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaigning Sketches in Virginia and Maryland*. By George F. Noyes, Capt. U. S. Volunteers. 12mo, 339 pp. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—According to the author of this volume, war is a conglomerate, made up—4 parts of waiting, 3 parts of blundering, and 3 parts of fighting; and these are the ingredients found in this work. His observations range from May 22, 1862, down to the assumption of command by Hooker. The localities are those occupied by the Army of the Potomac from time to time. The descriptions are well made, graphic, truthful, so far as we can judge; and the work contains not a little valuable information. Much as we have heard about the Army of the Potomac, and stale as the subject has become, no one will regret the purchase and reading of this volume.

(10.) *ROSEDALE: A STORY OF SELF-DENIAL*. By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 410 pp. \$1.25.—Mrs. Gardner is well known to our readers as one of our choicest contributors, and we are quite sure that they will welcome a volume like this from her pen. The story is a simple one, and there are no sudden surprises, no abrupt turns, no unexpected

developments; but the narrative sustains itself well from the first chapter to the close, and the characters introduced are distinctly individual. The lesson taught is a good one, and the reader is not wearied in learning it. We can confidently commend the work as an excellent addition to the fireside library and the Sunday school collection.

(11.) *THE LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE BIBLE*. By Rev. W. Trail, A. M. Edited by D. W. Clark, D. D. From the Edinburgh Edition. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 12mo. pp. 368. \$1.25.—Many readers of the Bible are quite unaware that it contains, besides the Revelation of the Divine will, poetry the most sublime, philosophy the most profound, ethics the most pure, history the most truthful, and biography the most candid. As a merely-human production it challenges comparison with the finest classics of all ages; but when to this is superadded the fact of its inspiration, it is preëminently *The Book*. The present work brings these characteristics into more prominent light. It is an eloquent and earnest treatise, and sets forth the literary character and achievements of the Bible in a style that will more than repay perusal. If it shall induce a more thorough search of the Scriptures, a higher appreciation of the Word, and a more critical acquaintance with the text, we feel assured that the Spirit of Truth will be more quickening and the Divine power more effective on the hearts of its readers. We bespeak for the volume a wide circulation, which it richly deserves.

(12.) *MINUTES*.—New England Conference. Bishop Scott, President; Edward A. Manning, Secretary.

(13.) *CATALOGUES*.—1. Hamline University. Rev. Jabez Brooks, President, with 4 teachers. Students, 144. 2. Baker University. Rev. J. W. Paddock, President, with 7 teachers. Students, 129. 3. Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, Delaware. Rev. John Wilson, President, with 11 teachers. Students, 95. 4. Illinois Wesleyan University. Rev. Oliver S. Munsell, D. D., President, with 3 professors. Students, 93. 5. Hillsboro Female College. Rev. Henry Turner, President, with 6 teachers. Students, 71.

(14.) *PAMPHLETS*.—1. Evangelical Quarterly Review, for July. 2. American Publishers' Circular. Eight numbers of this valuable publication have been received. 3. Why is Allegiance Due, and Where is it Due? An address by President Israel W. Andrews. 4. Christianity and Woman. A sermon before the Wesleyan Female College of Wilmington, Delaware, by Rev. James A. McCauley, A. M. 5. A Fast-Day Discourse, preached at Springfield, Ill., by Rev. J. L. Crane. 6. Baccalaureate Sermon before Indiana Asbury University, by President Nutt. 7. Seamen's Union Bethel Society of Baltimore, Fortieth Annual Report. 8. Oration delivered at Clifton Springs, N. Y., July 4th, by Elihu M. Morse, Esq.

(15.) *SEED THOUGHT: A Hand-book of Doctrine and Devotion, designed for Class-leaders, Bible-class and Sabbath school Teachers, for Young Preachers, and for Private Devotion*. By Rev. George C. Robinson. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 12mo, pp. 180.

## Father's Table.

**THE JOY OF THE DWELLING.**—That picture of domestic life tells its own story. It is all sunshine. It is so with the father. What though his features are bronzed by exposure and his hands hardened by daily toil! there is sunlight in his heart, joy in his dwelling. That mother—joy glances from her eye—pride exults upon her lip. And as for the little fellow—just taking his early lessons in horsemanship—with whip in hand—surely it is all sunshine with him—the joy of the dwelling, himself full of joy.

How these little pictures charm us back to the scenes of early childhood! Do they not win back childhood's joyous smile to our care-worn and weather-beaten lips? Do they not win back childhood's tenderness, and love, and purity to our soiled and frigid hearts? The man who has not a warm side in his heart toward the little ones, is "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." Richter says the man is to be shunned who does not love the society of children. Henry IV was passionately fond of them, and delighted in their gambols and little caprices. One day, when crawling round his room on all fours on his hands and knees, with the Dauphin on his back and the other children about him urging the King to gallop in imitation of a horse, an ambassador suddenly entered and surprised the royal family in the midst of their fun. Henry, without rising to his feet, asked, "Have you children, Mr. Ambassador?" "Yes, sire." "In that case I proceed with the sport," replied the King.

Mr. Coleridge says call not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded among those with whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints and sleep leave his pillow—but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth-defying computation, for fame filling the world's ear, for the luxury of that highest wealth, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon mortal's eye.

**NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We had noted a number of passages from various correspondents for our Table, but the inexorable law of the types has little respect for either editor or correspondent. They "won't budge an inch."

**RENEWED ACTIVITY IN THE BOOK CONCERN.**—When the war opened upon the nation little less than entire stagnation of business was expected till it should close. This was especially apprehended of benevolent operations, Church periodicals, and books. We are happy to witness a decided advance in business activity in the Western Book Concern. Among the evidences of this are several volumes just issued from the press, and others which will soon be forthcoming. We trust our brethren will not fail to notice them and help them into a wide circulation. Our Literary Notices

make mention of three new volumes; each has its sphere and adaptation. Brethren, please remember them in ordering books.

**WHOLESALE PLAGIARISM OF THEOLOGY.**—We have known for some time that the treatise on theology, by Dr. Wakefield, was largely drawn from the Elements of Theology, by Dr. T. N. Ralston. In fact, whole paragraphs, and even chapters, a little disguised, taken from that work almost from beginning to end, mark the treatise of Mr. Wakefield as a wholesale and unmitigated plagiarism. As such it is a fraud upon the publishers and the public. Messrs. Carlton & Porter, we are certain, have no intention of becoming a party to this fraud, and will, therefore, at once expunge the work from their list of publications. This is not a question of interest between the Eastern and Western Book Concerns. The financial sufferer is Dr. Ralston himself, the circulation of whose honest book is curtailed. We had hoped the occasion to make this exposure would not occur, and we now make it with grief and mortification; but duty to the public and the Church is imperative.

**DEMISE OF REV. LEROY SWORMSTEDT.**—The death of this eminent man has already been announced in our Church journals. For twenty-four years he was identified with the Western Book Concern as Assistant or Principal Agent. His identification was not merely official and technical, but one of heart, and life, and soul. All his thoughts were bound up in it; all his energies were consecrated to its development. And so long as this institution shall continue to stand as a power in the Church, so long will the name of Leroy Swormstedt live as one of its founders and wise master-builders. Before the General Conference of 1860 he had become too much broken in health to continue longer in efficient service, and he received honorable release. Since then he has been upon the superannuated list—continuing gradually to fail till at length, on the 28th of August last, he ceased to live on earth.

Though partially withdrawn from the public attention the few past years, yet his departure is severely felt and widely deplored in the Church. His remains now sleep, with those of many other wise and good men, both lay and clerical, whose names are identified with the history of Methodism in the West, in that beautiful suburban resting-place of the dead—the Wesleyan Cemetery.

Upon the recommendation of the Western Book Committee, and upon the sole responsibility of the editor, the portrait of Mr. Swormstedt appeared in the Ladies' Repository for August, 1858.

A remarkable mortality has attended the Cincinnati Conference this year. Mr. Swormstedt was the eighth of its members that died, and the day following his death a ninth—Rev. Clinton W. Sears—was added to the list. Mr. Sears had occupied important posts and was widely known in the Church. He was in the early prime of his manhood.